The Saturday Evening Post

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SYLVIA'S SONG.

BY NORA PERRY.

The days are sweet and long—O! sweet and long;
All day I sit and dream, or sing the song
That some one sang for me one summer-day,—
For me, to me, before he went his way.

The days are sweet and long—O! sweet and long;
And in the sun I sit, and sing my song:
Some day he will come back who went away,
And sing the song I sing from day to day.

The days are long, but sweet—O! long, but sweet;
Some day will hear the music of his feet
Who sang for me, and sang my heart away,
My happy heart—before he went his way.

Some day—to-day, perhaps—he'll come to me;
And then the days, so long, but sweet to me,
Will lose the burden of "So long, so long!"
And only keep the sweet of all the song.

—*Old and New.*

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

Milly must have lain a long time on the floor in a swoon—for when she came to herself, the daylight was streaming broad and full through the curtains; the fire had died entirely out, and she was so chilled and weak that at first she could neither rise nor comprehend what had happened.

It all came slowly back, the terrible memory of the past night! Milly dragged herself to the bed and lay down—lay there for hours, not sleeping, not thinking, wild with the whirl in her brain, but with the stern unforgivingness strong in her mind. At last she heard some one knock at the door—it was a servant sent by Mrs. Gresham to know if she was coming down.

Then Milly began to realize that life had to go on again; she could not remain there in her solitary anguish; she must go forth and meet her aunt, give explanations of all that had happened, listen to blame and reproaches—live and act like common mortals. She threw off her crushed ball-dress, and managed to get into a morning gown, but made no effort to go down stairs.

Then Mrs. Gresham came up; she was very angry at Milly's staying so long behind her at the ball; had been frightened by her appearance when she rushed past the door—more angry and alarmed as she thought the matter over, and became convinced that something very strange and unpleasant had occurred. Up-stairs she marched, and knocked loudly—there was no response.

"Open the door, Milly," she exclaimed; "I insist on coming in."

Milly hesitated a little, then allowed her to enter—as well then as ever; the scene and the contest must come—let her get them over and be done. She never noticed her aunt's look of astonishment—listened passively when she broke into a torrent of exclamations and inquiries, and insisted on having an explanation of this mysterious conduct. Milly sat down, calm from the exhaustion which follows such dreadful excitement, but so determined, that her aunt's anger had no place in her thoughts.

"Are you sick, Milly?"

"No," returned Milly, wearily.

It was an effort to speak; if she could only be left alone; not compelled to see the face of any human being; allowed to wear out in utter solitude, the first hours of the anguish which had come upon her!

"You look dreadfully," pursued Mrs. Gresham; "you are as white as a ghost, and your eyes look as if you had not closed them all night."

There was no need of an answer; Milly sat dumb.

Mrs. Gresham's anxiety at her appearance, was merged in curiosity to know what had happened, and a sudden dread that by some folly Milly had endangered her whole future.

"If you are not sick," she said, with no great amount of tenderness in her voice, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

"I am very tired, aunt," replied Milly, resolutely; "I wish you would not make me talk this morning."

"This is ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham, beginning to feel very indignant. "I insist upon an explanation! Milly, what ails you?"

She was silent; how could she put her misery in words to that woman standing so coldly before her? How could she cry out that her heart was broken; the whole world, the beautiful world where she had been wandering, laid in ruins at her feet, with every sweet hope, every youthful joy crushed under them!

"Will you tell me?" urged her aunt.

Milly tried to speak; there was a suffocating sensation in her throat which kept the words back—all the sound she could have made would have been a groan—and even in that early stage of her agony, Milly had strength of soul enough to be determined to hide the full depth of her suffering.

"Have you quarrelled with Walter Thorman?" asked her aunt. "I suppose that is the trouble—I thought so last night. I think you are a foolish girl—but there is one consolation; lovers' quarrels are easily remedied."

She spoke lightly, forcing herself to believe that Milly's pain was only caused by her youthful exaggeration of a trifling difficulty which would be set at rest before the day was over.

"Just tell me what you quarrelled about—for you did quarrel with Walter, didn't you?" she continued. "It seems very dreadful, I have no doubt; but you may be sure a few words will set matters straight, and you will be happier than before."

Set matters straight—she be happier than before! Milly could have repeated the words in an insane shriek. There she sat struggling with her trouble; a trouble which had changed her suddenly into a woman, and must blast her whole life—and that worldly-minded aunt, unable to see the change in her, stood talking as if she had been a child to be coaxed and fondled back to good behaviour.

At that moment, things in novels and plays which had seemed so unreal to Milly, appeared horribly natural. She could have started to her feet, cursed her aunt, the world, her very existence, and fallen dead there on the floor and been glad. She could have given utterance to the most wicked doubts and atheistical declarations and rejoiced to do it—exulting at the idea of her own wickedness, and longing for some unpardonable sin that she might commit it.

These things sound very dreadful, I know, but passionate natures do feel so for a season when a great trouble has roused them to their full intensity, and even the remembrance of religious teachings or true womanliness cannot keep them from it.

Milly heard her aunt's voice again—it sounded faint as if it came from a great distance; the very objects about, so familiar and treasured, looked strange as if the whole aspect of the apartment had changed during the night.

"Now tell me all about it, Milly, like a good girl," Mrs. Gresham was saying; "I promise that everything shall be set right. You shall not be called on to make concessions, or do any of those things girls think so humiliating—it shall be right—just tell me."

Milly recollected a story of a woman whose relatives had forsaken her and her child—at last one of them repented, and came to her with the help she had begged—but while the kindness was offered, the woman's child lay dead on her bosom. Certainly the story was in no way applicable to her, but it came into her mind. There she was, holding her dead hope to her heart, and her aunt standing before her, talking of reconciliation and new joys, and she with the chill of that corpse freezing into her very soul.

"Now don't be obstinate, Milly; it is only foolish and missish, and I give you credit for not being like girls in general. What did you and Walter quarrel about? Don't say you haven't quarrelled, because I know you have."

She sat down on the sofa beside Milly; had expected; still she could not believe that the difficulty was beyond remedy. Of course Milly's declaration went for nothing; young women frequently made such resolves when they were angry, for the express purpose of being teased into breaking them. Mrs. Gresham would be cool—she had an idea that Milly could be abominably obstinate if thoroughly aroused; she would be cool—she must get at the bottom of the matter without delay.

"At least you can give some reason for this extraordinary determination, I suppose?"

If it was possible, Milly's white face grew whiter when her aunt's question brought up the reason she must give for her conduct—the words she had heard Walter Thorman speak to the creole—the words—the kiss upon her hand!

Mrs. Gresham looked at her in amazement; she knew that it was not in Milly's nature to betray deep feeling easily—she had no young lady fondness of moaning for the edification of her friends and wearing her sorrows painted on her face upon every plausible occasion. It made her aunt wonder; unable to understand the mingled storm of pain and indignant scorn which swept across her features as she recalled the scene of the previous evening as it was impressed upon her excited mind.

"Don't look so, Milly!" she exclaimed, not knowing in the least what to make of the girl in this new phase of her character.

She did not venture to take refuge in sarcasm and warn her that she was not acting Medea—Milly's appearance forbade that; it was not in her disposition to open her arms and bid her niece come rest therein like a stricken deer, moreover she felt instinctively that Milly would prefer the coolest contempt to such an effusion of tenderness.

"What can Walter Thorman have done so horrible that you need look like that?"

"He has done what I never can, what I never will forgive! If I believed my heart weak enough to pardon him and receive him in it again, I would tear it out with my own hands."

Could that be Milly uttering such wild words with such passion? No wonder Mrs. Gresham asked herself that question, as Walter Thorman had done on the preceding night. If it was Milly, it certainly was not the Milly who had been treated as a child, supposed to have no thoughts and feelings beyond those common to girls of her age—not the Milly who a month ago, just one little month, had been so loving, so confiding; with her heart so full of sunshine, and her eyes so glad with content. No, never that Milly any more—she was gone—dead in the sudden wreck of hope and trust; the creature who had taken her place was a woman, hard, bitter, defiant; with a knowledge of evil forced upon her of which the other Milly had been innocent.

Some perception of this change came over Mrs. Gresham's mind; she began to see with what and with whom she had to deal. There was something very black at the bottom of all this, but it must be cleared up, set right; fortune, position, a whole future could not be flung aside for any reasons that the heart alone might dictate. The bare possibility of a disaster and failure like that roused Mrs. Gresham almost to a pitch of frenzy.

"You certainly are crazy, Milly," she said. "This is some fancy you have taken—some wild fit of anger—"

"Fancy!" interrupted Milly, while two scarlet spots blazed over the whiteness of her cheeks. "You will make me speak—you will make me put my shame into words—shame for one of my age to have the knowledge of such sin forced upon her!"

"What, for heaven's sake? He could have done nothing so terrible as your words would imply! You don't know what you are saying—you can't know."

"If you had seen your husband bending over another woman—kissing her—speaking words of love—wouldn't you have known what it meant?" cried Milly in a sharp, frightened tone. "Let me alone, aunt—don't ask me any more questions—I won't answer! It's bad enough to have all this on my soul, without being forced to put it in words—let me alone, I say!"

Mrs. Gresham turned away utterly bewildered; she could not trust herself to talk just then; she was sorry for Milly, but furious with her, with Thorman, everybody, because this sudden barrier had come between her and the fulfillment of her wishes.

"It's that Dormer woman!" she exclaimed wrathfully, after a long silence which Milly could not have broken.

"You see!" exclaimed Milly. "You had noticed—you knew that he loved her—you knew—"

"I knew nothing of the sort," retorted her aunt; "I don't believe it now. She is an abominable flirt, and the best men will humor such a woman."

"Humor!" repeated Milly.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Gresham; "it's their way. I don't pretend to defend the thing, but all men will do it. I have no idea there was anything wrong in what you saw or heard—just ridiculous gallantry and coquetry. The truth is, you have been behaving as bad as possible to Thorman for several weeks. You were jealous of Leonie Dormer all the time, and I thought so—if you had said one word to him, it might have all been set right."

"Would you have had me beg and plead with him to be true?" cried Milly. "Was I a dog to be petted when he chose, and sent

FISHING FOR THE ELECTRICAL EEL (GYMNOTUS) ON THE ORINOCO, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Gymnotus are fresh-water fishes of South America, where they attain a great size. There are several species, but the most remarkable, from its singular physical properties, is the Electrical Eel. These properties enable the gymnotus to arrest suddenly the pursuit of an enemy, or the flight of its prey, to suspend on the instant every movement of its victim, and subdue it by an invisible power. Even the fishermen themselves are suddenly struck and rendered torpid at the moment of seizing it, while nothing external betrays the mysterious power possessed by the animal.

We are indebted to Alexander von Humboldt for the first precise account of this very curious fish. This celebrated naturalist read to the Institute of France an important memoir upon the electrical eel from Bonpland's observations, the substance of which we shall give here.

In traversing the Llanos of the province of Caracas, M. Bonpland stopped at Calabozo. The object of this sojourn was to investigate the history of the gymnotus, great numbers of which are found in the neighborhood. After three days' residence in Calabozo some Indians conducted them to the Cano de Bera, a muddy and stagnant basin, but surrounded by rich vegetation, in which *Clusia rosea*, some grand Indian figs, and some magnificent flowering odoriferous mimosas, were pre-eminent. They were much surprised when informed that it would be necessary to take thirty half-wild horses from the neighboring savannahs in order to fish for the gymnotus. The idea of this fishing, called in the language of the country *embarbascar con caballos* (intoxicating by means of horses), is very odd. The word *barbasco* indicates the roots of the *Lacquinia*, or any other poisonous plant, by contact with which a body of water acquires the property of killing, or, at least, of intoxicating or stupefying the fishes. These come to the surface when they have been poisoned in this manner. The horses chasing them here and there in a marsh has, it seems, the same effect upon the alarmed fishes. While our hosts were explaining to us this strange mode of fishing, the troop of horses and mules had arrived, and the Indians had made a sort of battue, pressing the horses on all sides, and forcing them into the marsh. The Indians, armed with long canes and harpoons, placed themselves round the basin, some of them mounting the trees, whose branches hung over the water, and by their cries, and still more by their canes, preventing the horses from leading again. The eels, stunned by the noise, defended themselves by repeated discharges of their batteries. For a long time it seemed as if they would be victorious over the horses. Some of the mules, especially, being almost stifled by the frequency and force of the shock, disappeared under the water, and some of the horses, in spite of the watchfulness of the Indians, regained the bank, where, overcome by the shocks they had undergone, they stretched themselves at their whole length. The picture presented was now indescribable. Groups of Indians surrounded the basin; the horses with bristling mane, terror and grief in their eyes, trying to escape from the storm which had surprised them; the eels, yellow and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents swimming on the surface of the water, and chasing their enemies, were objects at once appalling and picturesque. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. An eel, more than five feet long, glided under one horse, discharged its apparatus through its whole extent, attacking at once the heart, the viscera, and the plexus of the nerves of the animal, probably benumbing and finally drowning it.

When the struggle had endured a quarter of an hour, the mules and horses appeared less frightened, the manes became less erect, the eyes expressed less terror, the eels shunned in place of attacking them, at the same time approaching the bank, when they were easily taken by throwing little harpoons at them attached to long cords, the harpoon sometimes hooking two at a time, being landed by means of the long cord. They were drawn ashore without being able to communicate any shock.

Having landed the eels, they were transported to little pools dug in the soil, and filled with fresh water; but such is the terror they inspire, that none of the people of the country would release them from the harpoon—a task which the travellers had to perform themselves, and receive the first shock, which was not slight—the most energetic surpassing in force that communicated by a Leyden jar completely charged. The gymnotus surpasses in size and strength all the other electric fishes. Humboldt saw them five feet three inches long. They vary in color according to age, and the nature of the muddy water in which they live. Beneath, the head is of a fine yellow color mixed with red; the mouth is large, and furnished with small teeth arranged in many rows.

The gymnotus makes it shock felt in any part of its body which is touched, but the excitement is greater when touched under the belly, and in the pectoral fin. The gymnotus gives the most frightful shocks without the least muscular movement in the fins, in the head, or any other part of the body. The shock, indeed, depends upon the will of the animal, and in this respect differs from a Leyden jar, which is discharged by communicating with two opposite poles. It happens sometimes that a gymnotus, seriously wounded, only gives a very weak shock, but if, thinking it exhausted, it is touched fearlessly and at once, its discharge is terrible.

into a corner when he grew tired of me? I tell you, aunt, you don't know me! I am not a child—I am a woman! I feel with all a woman's passion, and hate with all a woman's force."

This was new talk in Mrs. Gresham's experience of young ladies; she was at a loss how to receive it. She did what most women would have done under the circumstances—went into a rage and began the detail of her own personal injuries and wrongs arising out of the affair.

"After all the pains I have taken," she moaned, "to be treated in this way! I have been a mother to you, Milly; I have brought you up with every care—kept Maud out of society on your account, and now you behave in this unheard-of manner."

"Would you have me marry him?" demanded Milly, with a flash of hot indignation in her eyes.

"Girls can't break engagements with impunity," urged Mrs. Gresham evasively. "Ever so many people know of your engagement—it would be almost as disgraceful as a divorce to end it now."

"If I had been his wife I would have left him," said Milly. "There are many things I would bear patiently; neglect, ill-treatment; but when one I have loved shows me that I have deceived myself, that his heart is not mine, there is no power strong enough to keep me near him—my love dies."

"There are other things to be thought of in marriage besides love," returned Mrs. Gresham.

"I know you believe so; I told you in the beginning, aunt, that I did not care for other considerations; you laughed at me and thought it a girlish folly—I meant it! If I marry a man, I must respect and love him. Since my engagement I have seen all these things more clearly; I don't love Walter Thorman—I don't respect him—I consider him false and despicable! I can't marry him—I will not."

"What am I to do? I can't give you another such winter—here's those stocks failed—after all, you are not my daughter. Oh, you crazy, mad girl!"

"I don't want to go into society, aunt; I will help you all I can. Send away the governess. I'll teach the children—I'll sew—work in your kitchen—anything—anything!"

"Do be sensible, then, and look at matters in a common sense way," replied Mrs. Gresham, not yet despairing of bringing her to reason, or more strictly speaking, quite unable to cease urging her arguments, even after they were thoroughly exhausted. "I don't at all understand the affair yet; nobody could, I should think! Now just explain—"

"Have a little mercy, aunt! Can't you see how you hurt me?"

"It's very well to have such sensitive feelings," cried Mrs. Gresham, rage getting the upper hand again; "but they are better in a novel than real life. I'd rather see a girl show some docility and obedience, be a little more ready to rely on her friends' advice, than turn like a serpent to sting her own mother's sister."

Mrs. Gresham was slightly indulging in high tragedy too, but as hers sprang only from angry, disappointed worldliness, it was rather ridiculous; while Milly's, however exaggerated it might be, had the dignity which real trouble gives to such expressions.

"I don't want to make you unhappy, aunt," she said; "I am very grateful to you for all your kindness, but don't reproach me for that which is no fault of mine."

"It is your fault, I tell you, Milly! For weeks past you have irritated Walter Thorman in every possible way—"

"He tortured me," broke in Milly, roused to passionate self-exculpation; "he stung and wronged me—he followed that woman about and left me—"

"Did you expect to keep him fastened to your chatelaine like a gold charm?" asked Mrs. Gresham sarcastically, interrupting in her turn, as women will when excited.

"I expected him to love me as he had promised," answered Milly resolutely; "I expected him to keep his vow in deed and thought—as well be actually false to me as allow his mind to stray."

"You are insanely, absurdly jealous," said her aunt; "that is exactly what ails you."

"Not now," replied Milly bitterly; "we must love to be jealous. Walter Thorman killed my affection with one blow."

Mrs. Gresham fairly ground her teeth; I am sure she must have regretted not being a man—a little hearty swearing would have been such a relief, and a sort of safeguard against breaking a blood vessel, which she really thought she must do.

"I don't believe," she almost screamed, "no, I don't believe that out of a mad-house so crazy a creature was ever seen! I thought you had common sense, and here you show yourself the most doleful fool that ever worried a woman's life out. I'd like to put a straight jacket on you and send you up to Bloomingdale. I would, indeed. I verily believe it would be the proper place for you."

"Send me if you like, aunt; I'll go there or anywhere you please."

"Now don't play the martyr!" groaned Mrs. Gresham. "For heaven's sake, don't add that to all the rest, unless you want to make me as crazy as you are yourself."

"Perhaps I had better go away," pursued Milly, catching at the idea with a feeling of relief; "it might be better for all of us."

"And where in the name of goodness, would you go?"

"I don't know—I tell you I don't care! I would teach—sew—"

"In the name of pity, stop—I certainly shall go out of my senses! My niece a governess—a sewing girl; it would be a pretty story to tell, wouldn't it? Do you want to ruin us all utterly; have people call me the most horrible woman that ever lived, and see Maud's prospects completely destroyed?"

"Then what can I do, aunt? Only suggest anything that will keep me from being a burthen to you, and I will obey."

"There is but one thing to be done—a bat could see it!" retorted Mrs. Gresham, as energetically as if deciding upon young women's futures was the ordinary occupation of the mysterious race she mentioned.

"Tell me; only tell me!"

"Let me send for Walter Thorman, and get a frank, full explanation of this affair—"

"Never!" cried Milly. "Anything but that!"

"Of course—I knew you would say so! Anything, except the only thing that can be done.

"There is no explanation possible."

"That's just romantic nonsense; no less. Now, Milly Crofton, listen to me! You have got to live in the world, not in a novel—you have to do as other women do—put up with such troubles as they do. Romance is all very well, love is all very well, but they are rank nonsense when carried too far—neither of them last anybody beyond twenty-five. When a woman marries she should look at the future—she grows old, she wants position and money; without them, all the love that a poet ever dreamed of becomes the merest drug and sham that it is possible to imagine."

Milly was listening, grown so quiet that Mrs. Gresham began to think her words were having some effect.

"Go on," said Milly, when she paused for breath, speaking with a calmness that would have sounded ominous had her aunt been sufficiently composed to notice it.

"So I say, when a girl has found all those things, as you did, let her pay no attention to the gilding getting worn off her romance; let her trust to her woman's tact to keep a hold on the man she marries—in short, let her take the benefits heaven offers, and not demand impossibilities."

She stopped, quite exhausted by her own eloquence, and Milly still looked full in her face and asked—

"You think I have no reason to feel hurt and outraged?"

"I don't say that; it's aggravating to see one's lover devoted to another woman, but they will all do it! Talk quietly to him—I am sure Thorman did it to punish your caprices."

"No, aunt, I cannot blind myself! He knew this woman long ago—he loved her! He was pleased with my girlishness and engaged himself to me thoughtlessly—when this woman came back she resumed all her old power over him."

"I don't believe a word of it all."

There was no logic in the assertion, but it was the best Mrs. Gresham could do under the circumstances—flat denial was the only ground for her to take now.

"Aunt, if there were no other reason, I would not marry him now that I know he thought me a child, loved me only as he might some pretty plaything."

"Time enough after you are married to show him that you are not," urged Mrs. Gresham.

"No; for I should only bring untold misery on myself. I could not be patient when I saw that he thought me incapable of sharing his highest feelings—his deepest secrets. I should weary him with my anger and my importunities, and every week would separate us more widely."

Where, in the name of heaven, had the girl learned such arguments? Mrs. Gresham stared at her with something of the feeling a person might have if a pet song bird that had been content with its lumps of sugar and its gilded cage, suddenly transformed itself into a mountain eagle, beating against the bars of its prison, struggling fiercely with everything which opposed its flight, and betraying in every movement the uncontrollable spirit of its race.

"I say," continued Milly, "that putting everything else aside, this view of the case would be enough to make me break my engagement."

Mrs. Gresham groaned again.

"Aunt, I have only been childish and thoughtless because I was happy; the deep feeling, the keen perceptions were all there. My love roused every faculty into life; my suffering gave me an experience that has left it out of my power to go back to my girlish carelessness."

Mrs. Gresham sat up in her chair, gurgled in her throat in a vain effort to speak, and stared helpless and aghast.

"I can remember my mother; I know what she suffered! People have told me I am very like her—now I understand her trouble. She married a man older than herself, who regarded her as a baby, could never be made to understand that as the years went on, her intellect widened to the fullness of his, who sought companionship among women of the world, crushed her by his unrecognition of her claims until she drooped and faded and dropped into her grave, glad to be at rest."

Mrs. Gresham was silent, a little awed and much softened; her love for that dead sister had been about the purest, the least selfish feeling of her whole life.

"I should not do that," Milly went on, her voice hardening and her face growing stern; "I should not allow myself to be crushed without a struggle! In time I should hate the man who out of his pride and self-conceit refused to see his equal in my soul! I should be capable of any act which might wound him to the heart and teach him that the creature he had petted and looked down upon was able to sting his very soul, and ruin the life in which he thought she made so small a part—a thing pleasant to have, like flowers or music, but like them to be put aside whenever it suited his lordly will."

Mrs. Gresham was still in a daze, but she must say something; her experience, her worldly wisdom, would not allow themselves to be completely silenced by this strange creature.

"You could say that to Walter Thorman," she began; but Milly shot her dart without a pause.

"I say it to him? If he could not see it, better to part! Since he loved a child it was not I he loved, for I am one no longer. He wanted a plaything—let him look elsewhere to buy one with his gold—my soul is beyond his purchase."

"I tell you these feelings will pass out of his mind," urged her aunt; "he will love and respect you now."

"You forget the rest," replied Milly; "rather, you will not remember—but I don't forget! He has put a gulf between my heart and his that he can never cross."

"Your jealousy again."

"Call it what you please."

"Just follies to torment you."

"Think so if you will; you cannot persuade me! I saw them together—I heard his words! I will not go over all these things again—it would be of no use."

She began to tremble, and leaned wearily back in her seat; she had not tasted food that day, and after her long vigil and terrible excitement she was thoroughly exhausted—it showed more plainly from her recent passion and firmness.

"You are sick—you will kill yourself, Milly."

Milly shook her head.

"No, aunt; people don't die so easily! I used to think a great trouble would kill suddenly, but now I believe that it takes years and years."

She looked too pale and haggard, now that the color excitement had brought into her face died out, to be scolded about heroics.

Mrs. Gresham sat puzzling her brain as to what could possibly be suggested further at all likely to have any influence upon the girl; but she could only go over her old arguments, dressed up in a little different fashion, and they proved as ineffective as before.

At last, Milly cried out in a voice which fairly frightened her—

"Let me alone, aunt—let me alone, I say!"

There was no opportunity to scold or argue any more just then, for as she spoke, Milly fainted entirely away—her sleepless night and that prolonged struggle had done their work.

Mrs. Gresham was a sensible woman, so instead of shrieking for help she worked over her until she recovered her senses—got her on the bed, and did it all without alarming the household. She had a horror of scenes—they were absolutely vulgar! People who have no great amount of feeling to spare are given to think so—anything which rouses them out of their selfish comfort is so troublesome.

But with all her failings, she was kind and loving, as I have said; just then, her irritation and disappointment were forgotten in anxiety, and she did everything that could be done in the gentlest, most womanly way.

Milly turned her head upon the pillow and closed her eyes as if she were going to sleep—a mere artifice to induce her aunt to leave her alone.

"You will feel better when you wake," Mrs. Gresham said, kissed her as women do kiss each other—touching the face to be honored with the tip of the nose—and went away.

Milly was fortunate enough to lie on her bed all the morning unmolested; her aunt merely told Maud and the servants that she was ill with a nervous headache, and on no account to be disturbed. Maud, at least, was not likely to intrude upon her, under such circumstances—for she was as much out of her element in a sick room, as a useless creature could well be.

Mrs. Gresham took a little time to deliberate; and then she sat down and wrote a note to Walter Thorman.

"My dear friend—

"Our little girl is quite ill—"

Then she stopped; she had a good deal of womanly delicacy about her, after all—she could not appeal to his sympathy by exposing Milly's weakness. She reflected a little longer—and after much trouble and many erasures, wrote and dispatched the following:—

"Dear Mr. Thorman—

"I wish you would come and see me as soon as you receive this. You and I are old friends, and can afford to talk openly with one another; and I am sure you feel that in anything I might say, I should have your good and that of our fanciful little Milly very closely at heart.

"So come and talk with me, and let this light cloud be swept away by our mutual endeavors, before it grows darker; come with your usual frankness and kindness, and be certain you will find me as ever,

"Your very sincere friend,

"ELIZA GRESHAM."

Mrs. Gresham felt a sense of relief when her missive was gone; at least she had done something—that is always a comfort when one has been at a loss what to do. Thorman would obey her summons at once, she felt certain; and the more she reflected, the more confident she became that it would all end well. Her spirits lightened, her distress and irritation passed away. Several times she stole up to Milly's room on tip-toe and looked in; the girl's face was buried in her pillow—she seemed to be sleeping quietly; and with each visit, Mrs. Gresham felt her hopes arise. But it was almost night when, as she was descending from one of these expeditions, she met Cæsar with a letter in his hand.

"For you, madam," he said, with one of his grand bows; "the individiole did not wait for no answer."

Mrs. Gresham glanced at the superscription—it was in Thorman's hand; and she went into the little reception room to read it.

"It will all be settled now," she thought, as she tore open the envelope; "I am very glad I wrote."

She unfolded the sheet—glanced at the date—gave one start and an exclamation of mingled wrath and dismay, and hurriedly read the page.

This was Walter Thorman's answer:—

"Steamer—12, A. M.

"Dear Madam—

"Your note has just been brought to me; the date above will explain my hurried reply.

"I am starting for Europe. I leave the task of explanation with your niece, who last night brought our engagement so decidedly to an end, that my own self-respect renders it impossible for me to employ any means—if any were in my power—to change her determination.

"I wish you and yours every happiness—and trust that the years which will probably elapse before my return, may not wear from your mind all recollection of

"WALTER THORMAN."

Mrs. Gresham read the note twice, as if she found it difficult to understand the contents; crushed it in her hands as dramatically as a heroine could have done; and between her rage and disappointment, came near fainting herself.

"Gone to Europe!" was all she could utter, in a voice that would have done justice to Queen Constance's famous speech; for the first time, conscious of her own helplessness; he had placed it beyond her power to do anything now. "Gone to Europe! Two mad people together—and I to bear the consequences of their folly."

Yes, Walter Thorman had gone; in his anger with Milly, his sorrow at having lost his beautiful hope of peace, his bitterness toward himself and fate, he had gone.

CHAPTER XII.

Leonie Dormer went home from the ball so mortally stricken by the cruel blow which Milly had dealt her, that could the girl have seen her she might have been ready to acknowledge that there was a phase of agony more terrible than her own.

Fortunately Mrs. Fanshawe had been kept a prisoner in her room by a cold, so that Leonie could escape all prying eyes after she once found herself seated in the carriage. Not even the blessed insensibility which made poor Milly, for a time, oblivious of her sorrows, awaited this woman as she sat in her chamber keeping her lonely vigil.

Her maid had not been made to pass three-quarters of the night without sleep, in order to serve her mistress on her return; however haughty and capricious she might be to her equals, Mrs. Dormer was never guilty of the intolerable meanness of being either exacting or harsh with those beneath her. So to-night she reaped the reward of her forbearance—there was no one to trouble her.

We talk about people under some sudden fright or pain looking like ghosts; the face that Leonie Dormer lifted in the dim light, was stranger than that—it was the face of a dead woman. There was no life save in the eyes—yet over the fiery spark that burned in either pupil, there was a glaze that was like death too; it seemed as if she had died in such anguish, that the sharp pain could not fade out all at once. The very richness of her dress—the gleam of the jewels that were coiled about her neck and arms, seemed so out of keeping now with her appearance, that the sight was fairly repulsive.

There she sat face to face with the crisis to which she had tried for months to close her eyes; there was no escape from it now. Her pursuer had dogged her until she could try neither flight nor evasion longer; she was like a hunted animal driven to bay in desperation by some brute whose strength and ferocity made her desperation too puerile to be noticed. She went back over her life as she sat there—her wasted, thwarted, ruined life, and there rose in her mind the impious thoughts that will assail us in moments of great suffering—God had been more cruel to her than He was to others.

"I know how wicked that is," she moaned, "but I can't help it—there seems a sort of dreadful satisfaction in it! Here I am muttering to myself like a Bedlamite—I thought I had learned better than that—but what difference would it make if the whole world could hear me—they'll know soon enough now."

She struck her clenched hand on her forehead with a cry of ineffable pain.

"To be stared at—pitied—oh, I could bear anything better than that! The world—what is the world to me? I am lying to myself all the while—it is Mark Lasley I care for—I love him—oh, my God, I love him!"

For the first time in all that long night the horrible composure in which she had sat was broken by a burst of bitter weeping. She fell on her knees, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbed in a pitiful distress that shook her whole frame like a storm.

The next day Leonie Dormer at least gave herself the relief of solitude, and in order to avoid questions from Mrs. Fanshawe at once declared herself ill with neuralgia—that convenient complaint of our generation—and Mrs. Fanshawe was prepared not to wonder at her wish to be alone.

Mark Lasley called at the house in the course of the morning, but naturally under the circumstances found no exception in his favor of the sweeping order which excluded all visitors. He did not in the least believe that Mrs. Dormer was in bed and ill, so he went away angry with himself for having called, and mentally vowing that he would not again until she sent for him, though in his heart he knew that the next day would not pass without seeing him sally forth on the same errand.

Late that evening he was sitting in his solitary bachelor lodgings—wonderfully luxurious and comfortable though—smoking many pipes and thinking all sorts of dreary things, when an acquaintance who had a suite of rooms above, tapped at his door. Naturally Lasley wished him at Amsterdam for bothering him, but he gave him a pipe and decent civility, and presently heard something in regard to foolish young Charley Wylde that made him energetically put on the boots he had discarded, and prepare to go out.

A belated hackman chanced to be resting his horses for an instant before the door as Lasley descended the steps, and he sprang into the carriage, giving a hasty direction and an order to make good speed. After a drive of perhaps twenty minutes they stopped in front of a stately house, as carefully darkened as if the inmates were buried in the most orderly slumbers, and bidding the man wait, Lasley ran up the steps and giving one pull to the bell, a brief whisper to the servant who instantly appeared at the door, was admitted at once.

It was a famous gambling-house to which he had come in search of poor Charley. The boy's mother was an old friend of Lasley's family, and for her sake he had always tried to be of a little use to Charley, but since Wylde had lost his hopes of winning Milly, he had taken to the youthful expedient of dissipation more than was good, and Lasley found his task rather a trouble, though he pursued it with a persistence and kindness of which few people would have believed him capable.

He found Charley—not at the faro-table—playing some more dangerous game still in a private room—heated with wine, reckless with his boyish sorrows, and it needed all Lasley's policy and forbearance to get him away without a scene.

"Be a sensible old chap," Lasley whispered to him, when Charley seemed inclined to yield to the expostulations and sneers of his companions and remain. "You don't care what these fellows think—show them that you come or go without any reference to their opinions."

"I will," muttered Charley, drawing himself up and attempting to look dignified; "I'll not make a muff of myself to please them."

He followed Lasley out of the room, but as he wished to stop a moment in one of the lower rooms to speak to a friend as silly and boyish as himself who had accompanied him to the house, Lasley stood in the upper hall waiting.

A man who had been seated by the fire at a little distance from the card-table, and had narrowly watched Lasley while he remained in the room, came out as Mark stood leaning over the bannisters and said coolly—

"What a Samaritan you have shown yourself to-night, Mr. Lasley—one would hardly have expected it from your reputation."

Mark looked up in surprise and anger at the rude familiarity of the address. He could not remember ever to have seen the man, though it was a face to be remembered with its pallid complexion lit up by restless black eyes and a fulse, sneering expression that made him resemble a handsome Mephistopheles.

"I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance," Lasley said with irritating composure, "so I think my conduct cannot in any way concern you."

"Perhaps it does more than you think," returned the other.

"Look here," exclaimed Mark, turning on him angrily, "I don't intend to have my pocket picked in this den either at cards or in any other way, so be off about your business at once."

The stranger laughed a little.

"That is somewhat rude," said he; "I think you ought to learn to control your temper."

"I think," retorted Mark, "that I ought to knock you down, and I fancy I shall try it, unless you leave me alone."

"Very unwise that would be," replied the other; "we should have a squabble, the police would get in and you would shock all the widows of your acquaintance by making a paragraph in the morning papers—as I am a stranger here it would be of less importance to me."

Mark's first impulse was to carry his threat into execution, but he could not help recollecting the disagreeable position in which he would be placed by a quarrel of that kind and in such a place, and held fast to his temper.

"Better take a cigar instead," said the young man, drawing a velvet case from his breast pocket as he spoke. "I can recommend them—brought them from Cuba myself."

As he extended the case toward Lasley with as much politeness as if they had been on familiar terms, the light struck full upon a ring that he wore on his little finger, and Lasley stared at it with new wonder and rage—it was the emerald which he had so often seen Leonie Dormer wear.

He made a step forward as if he would have seized the man by the throat—the other stood perfectly unmoved, still holding out the cigar case. Lasley caught him by the wrist and asked hotly—

"Where did you get that ring?"

"Oh, the ring? Did you think you had seen it before?" returned he carelessly. "Some time you may know, but it doesn't suit me to tell you to-night."

Lasley threw himself forward upon the man with a mad idea of wresting the jewel from him, but the stranger eluded his grasp and pushed him, though not violently, against the wall.

"Give me that ring," exclaimed Lasley, "or I will have you arrested as a thief."

The young man laughed aloud again.

"That would be rich," said he, "and you shall hear me tell in a police court where I got it—a good idea."

At that instant Charley Wylde called to Lasley from below. Mark was making ready for another struggle, but the stranger's words made him remain motionless, with a sudden inexplicable dread for Leonie's sake.

"Your friend is calling you," said the man, still in the same careless voice. "Look here, Mark Lasley, my time hasn't come for quarrelling with you—maybe I'll not baulk you of your wish long though—I've a revenge to take, and if it hurts you, too, that's not my affair."

Before Lasley could recover himself he had passed him, ascended an upper flight of stairs quickly and disappeared. Mark turned to follow him, but a thought made him pause; it was not prudence on his own account—it seemed as if Leonie Dormer's pale face rose before his eyes and begged him to pause for her sake.

Maddened with this new blow—this added proof of the strange mystery that hung about the woman whom he loved with all the intensity of his passionate nature, Lasley hurried down, joined Charley Wylde in the entrance hall and darted out of the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

A NEW REFORM THREATENED.

At the recent opening of the New York Medical College *for Women*, Dr. Kellogg made a terrible onslaught upon what he called feminine tea-tippling. He said:

Women are a race of invalids. They are the victims of tea. They attempt to live upon their nerves, instead of their muscle. This causes their headaches. The doctor deprecated even weak tea. He recommended Rhine Wine instead.

Our own idea is, that tea, like almost everything else, is good in moderation. We do not, however, like to see young people drink it, as a general thing—but for mature men and women, and for persons in the decline of life, we think it very valuable indeed.

Still that tea does often unduly excite the nerves, and is especially guilty of frequently preventing sound and healthful sleep, we think very probable. And persons may get insensibly into the habit of drinking more and stronger tea than is good for them, just as they get into the habit of tippling on alcoholic liquors. Dr. Kellogg's onslaught, therefore may do good.

AN ARMISTICE.

We are glad to hear that an Armistice between Prussia and France has been agreed upon, to commence on November 4th and end on November 28th. A Constituent Assembly is to be elected at once in France, and to meet on November 15th. This Assembly, it is hoped, will be able to agree upon terms of peace.

OUTNUMBERED.—The German States, according to the Cologne Despatch, have furnished so far to the war a grand total of 856,000 men, nearly all now on (or under) French soil.

To meet these the French probably have not had over 500,000.

These simple facts seem to explain the German victories better than any others. Reverse the numbers, and the result probably would have been reversed. Louis Napoleon was probably twice deceived—first as to his own strength, secondly as to that of his opponents. The French, too, began by undervaluing their enemy—a bad beginning always.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.—We perceive that during the quarter ending September 30th, over 51,000 immigrants from Europe arrived at New York, and only 2,508 Chinese at San Francisco. This is only about one Chinese to twenty Europeans. There does not seem to be any immediate danger of a flood of barbarism.

Sydney Smith on War.

If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind, by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold, and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human misery.

Education as a Preventive of Crime.

Statistics read at the Prison Reform Congress, of 100,058 prisoners from fifteen prisons, show that eighty-five per cent. were laborers and servants, only sixteen per cent. artisans, less than two per cent. loafers, and only eight hundred and seventy-four out of the whole number from the educated professions. The lesson of this is, put your children to a trade. The statistics of reading and writing do not show any such safeguard against crime as those of industrious occupation. These showed but twenty-seven per cent. not able to read. Mere reading and writing can hardly be called any prevention of crime, nor can any mere schooling where moral training is lacking, and where no capacities or habits of labor are formed.

CARBOLIC ACID AND STREET WATERING.—"During the summer, most of the crowded streets of London have been watered on alternate days with a weak solution of carbolic acid, as has been the custom for the last four years, and there is no doubt that this excellent antiseptic and disinfectant has been very beneficial in a sanitary point of view. The inhabitants of those streets have often expressed satisfaction at the freshness, and removal of disagreeable smells, which the acid produces, and they regard it as an addition to their comfort."

Religious Teaching in the Public Schools.

According to Mr. Mundella's statement before the Social Science Association, England has solved for herself the Bible Public School problem. She has adopted the rule that whatever religious instruction is given, must be given either before the opening, or after the close of the regular sessions; and no child is compelled to attend unless such be the desire of the parent. This seems perhaps to meet the question in all its aspects with fairness and squareness. Thus the Catholic and the Jew who have conscientious opposition to Bible readings in schools, and the Protestants who have conscientious insistings upon those readings, are each served—the public money is not diverted to sectarian establishments—and the public schools are preserved.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ A tax was once levied by the British Parliament upon ale of a certain strength. Home-brewed and small beer escaped, but the stronger kinds were made to pay, and marked X as a sign that they had passed the excise. Soon XX was used to *signify* a double potency of ale, and now XXX is supposed to mean a triple potency.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOUSE ON WHEELS; (La Maison Roulante) OR, THE STOLEN CHILD. By MADAME DE STOLZ. Translated from the French by Miss E. F. Adams. With twenty illustrations from designs by Emile Bayard. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. The story appears to be interesting, and the illustrations are remarkably fine.

THE SOCIAL STAGE: Original Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Entertainments, for Home Recreation, Schools, and Public Exhibitions. By GEO. M. BAKER, author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

WHY AND HOW. Why the Chinese Emigrate, and the means they adopt for the purpose of reaching America. With Sketches of Travel, Amusing Incidents, Social Customs, &c. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. With illustrations by Hammatt Billings. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LETTERS EVERYWHERE. Stories and Rhymes for Children. With twenty-eight illustrations by THEOPHILE SCHULER. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. In looking over this little book and the "House on Wheels," already noticed, we could not help noticing the superiority of the designs of French artists, as a rule, over those done in this country. In their delightful freedom of drawing the French particularly excel. Our American designers should bear in mind that nothing will compensate for weak or incorrect drawing, and the only way to ensure success in this branch is by severe and continued study.

LAY SERMONS, ADDRESSES, AND REVIEWS. By THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, L.L. D., F. R. S., author of "Man's Place in Nature," "Origin of Species," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is the latest and most popular of the works of this intrepid and accomplished English thinker, perhaps the representative scientific man of the age. The American edition of this work contains in addition to the English edition, Professor Huxley's recent masterly address on "Spontaneous Generation," delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was president.

CRUMBS SWEPT UP. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE. Published by Evans, Stoddart & Co., 740 Sansom St., Philada. A collection of sprightly articles by this popular author.

"GOING ON A MISSION," and "WHO WILL WIN." Two of the Reckoning Series by PAUL CORDEN, author of "Bessie Lovell," "Madge Graves." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

FIELD AND FOREST; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A FARMER. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Army and Navy Stories," etc. With fourteen illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Philada.

PIANO AND MUSICAL MATTER. Respectfully dedicated to M. B. V., by G. DE LA MOTTE. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

OLD AND NEW for November contains "The French Army," "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," "Six Months on Five Cents," "Sylvia's Song," "Suffrage and Education," "The Science and Learning of the Vatican," "The Wail in the Pean," "Pink and White Tyranny," "Indian Summer," "Theology and Faith," "Quack Chemists," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

IT is reported from Paris, that among the private papers of the Emperor Napoleon discovered and now being published by the Provisional Government (just as Louis Philippe's private papers were published in 1848,) was a novel in the handwriting of the captive monarch. Its hero, who is supposed to have quitted France in 1848, and have lived for the next twenty years in the United States, is represented as having returned in 1866, where he is smitten with surprise and gratification at finding France great, prosperous, and happy, with passports suppressed, railroads reticulating the whole empire, Paris rebuilt, and richly embellished, an iron-clad fleet established, political prisoners amnestied, exiles returned, and art, science, literature, and religion in happy union and predominance. It is not stated whether this romance is also to see the light.

☞ In some of the states it is said to be absolutely necessary for a politician to acquire success by joining every secret society that exists. The more "grips" he is acquainted with, and the more "passwords" with which he is familiar, the better his chances for securing votes. Besides the secret associations it is advisable, if not imperative, that he become a part and parcel of the benevolent and church societies of his state.

☞ Erie, Pa., is lighted by natural gas, obtained by the Erie Gas Company from a well sunk near their works. Thirteen gas wells are now in successful operation in various parts of the city. They are used mostly to furnish fuel and light for manufactories. The gas is found at an average depth of 550 feet, and the average yield per well is upward of 20,000 cubic feet per day. The gas requires no purification—and is being rapidly introduced into private houses for fuel. Thus far every well put down has proved a success.

☞ A fashion writer reports that British elegance, which has so long been the pupil of France, now threatens to become her rival as a leader of fashions.

☞ The grand aquarium to be built in Brighton, Eng., when completed, will make a very respectable miniature sea. The length of the structure will be 700 feet, and the width 100 feet. Boats could freely be launched on such an expanse of water; and one might spend days exploring the mysteries of the animals and plants contained within its shores.

☞ Two San Jose lovers, both under age, evaded the law by hiring a steam tug and a minister in San Francisco, going to sea a marine league, and there getting married.

☞ Oxford, England, is sending a priest and thirty monks on a mission to Christianize Boston. They have a great work before them—but their apostolic fervor is doubtless equally great, and faith will move mountains.

Good Music.

Oliver Optic writes to his magazine:—While at Lucerne, Switzerland, we listened to the music of the great organ in the Collegiate Church, which is played every day for the benefit of visitors, but more especially for the benefit of the organists; for there is an admission-fee of one franc. About forty persons were present; and the speculation on the present occasion was not particularly brilliant. The music was certainly wonderful. Though we have heard the *vox humana* of the great Boston organ, we hardly knew what the thing meant till we heard it operated by the skillful organist at Lucerne. It sounded like the singing of a whole choir in the distance, and was wonderfully like the human voice, and as beautiful and moving as it was wonderful. The player gave us an imitation of a thunder-storm, in which the thunder, wind, and rain would pass for the genuine articles. It was mingled with the melodious strains of the *vox humana*, so that we fancied we were in a chapel during a thunder-storm, listening to the sublimest music of an enraptured choir, which was occasionally interrupted by the pealing thunder, by tempest-gusts, and driving sleet. We should like to hear the same person perform upon the great "institution" of Boston.

The Thermometer in Disease.

The Brit. Med. Jour. hopes "it will not be long before every intelligent mother of a family is familiar with the use of the thermometer for the discovery of disease. In many respects, it is far more reliable than the tongue or the pulse. As a means of ascertaining when it is desirable to consult a doctor, and when advice may be deferred with safety, it would be invaluable. By its aid the difference between insignificant skin-rashes, which will disappear in a day or two, and those which imply a constitutional fever, may usually be satisfactorily determined. Under many circumstances, the early discovery that a child was sickening for scarlatina or measles might be of great importance."

☞ "Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother. "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers; and I think if he had been so rich, he would have had a bed of his own."

"IT is success that colors all in life;
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest;
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, how'er acquired."

☞ Swinburne's rapidity of composition is one of his most remarkable characteristics as a poet. It is mentioned in the English papers that he wrote his recent "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic" at a single sitting. But did any man ever read it at a single sitting?

☞ A large refrigerator car containing about three tons of beef, arrived at the Hudson River Railroad depot on the 4th, direct from California. When the car was opened, the meat was found to be in a splendid state of preservation. The meat thus brought can be sold at one-half the price which is now charged.

☞ The newest style for ball programmes, is to have them of white, in the shape of a fan, with a pencil in the handle.

☞ A sale of a tract of land, embracing 30,000 acres, was made in Wisconsin, some days since, at prices averaging 40 cents per acre.

☞ A clergyman reading a chapter of the Bible for his congregation, found himself at the bottom of the page with the words—"And the Lord gave Noah a wife;" then turning over two pages instead of one, he continued—"and he pitched her within and without with pitch."

☞ Mark Twain, in his "Innocents Abroad," puzzles British critics. One of the most learned of them gravely says—"We are sometimes left in doubt whether he is speaking in all sincerity, or whether he is having a sly laugh at himself and his readers." No American will have any doubts on the subject.

☞ An old woman of Koshkonong, Wis., who lost a goose two years ago through the vindictiveness of an amateur sportsman, has commenced suit for damages in the sum of $80. She calculates that if the slain fowl had lived and multiplied in accordance with natural laws, the sale of the flesh and feathers of its descendants would bring her the designated sum in greenbacks.

☞ Photographs of a skull, said to be Shakspeare's, are being sold in England.

☞ Walter Scott says, in recalling his first acquaintance at seven with Hotspur, Falstaff, and others of Shaspeare's characters—"Children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to children's understanding. Set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out."

☞ The cruellest participants in the French Revolution of '93 were women, and now at Marseilles the Women's Club ask for the erection of the guillotine, their amiable purpose being to chop off the heads of any and all the adherents of the Empire. They propos to begin with the bishop of that city, on the ground that the beheading of so distinguished a person would prove a terror to those of lesser rank.

☞ A short time since a lad in Portsmouth, N. H., in attempting to separate two roosters who were fighting, came near losing his eyes. The roosters turned on him and tore some pieces of flesh from his face, and it was with difficulty that they could be driven away.

☞ A lady in Jasper county, Indiana, aged seventy-five, wants a divorce from her husband, aged seventy-eight, because he spends half his time running about with the girls.

☞ A London paper says: "There are three kinds of dancing—the graceful, the ungraceful, and the disgraceful. The first has disappeared from the boards of the theatres, and we can afford to dispense with the third, leaving the second for those who care to witness it."

☞ Coleridge, and not Porson, as is generally believed, wrote some stanzas of Southey's "Devil's Walk," and Mr. Hobhouse wrote about thirty lines in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

☞ Sawdust pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

☞ A thoughtless spoken word, even if it does harm, is transitory; but always bear in mind that when you write a word on a sheet of paper, you do something which may last forever.

☞ A libel suit against the Cincinnati Enquirer, for calling the proprietors of the Fourth Street Theatre, in that city, "blackguards," has been settled by the court three times, ruling that the language was not actionable.

☞ General Lee's physicians say that his death was brought on by protracted grief at the condition of his country.

☞ A man at Ottawa, Illinois, recently hanged himself because his wife refused to cook mutton for his supper.

☞ It is not what we do, it is not our history, that makes us divine—it is what we are, and what we are to be forever.

☞ In one of our large factories, eighteen hundred men make a locomotive engine in one day—boilers, cylinders, frame, driving wheels, truck, stack, cab, pilot and tender complete—the speed of forty miles an hour and the power of a thousand tons created in a day.

☞ A boy has been locked up in the Troy jail for stealing an umbrella valued at eighty cents. This item is important, inasmuch as it establishes the fact that it is a crime to steal an umbrella.

☞ A fossil feather has been found by Dr Hayden, of Wyoming Territory, and is said to be the first specimen on record.

☞ Walter Scott always said that the finest scenery of Scotland was not in the Highlands nor in the Lowlands, but half way between, where the wild and rugged aspect of the North is softened; where the bald, bleak mountains are covered with forests and the dark glens open into cultivated vales.

☞ Pulverized charcoal, mixed with lard, is said to be an infallible remedy for the bite of a dog. It must be immediately applied to the injured spot and kept there until the poison has been completely drawn out.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—10,000 bbls Northwest and Ohio family at $4,25@4,75 for superfine; $5@5,75 for extra; $5,70@6,75 for Northwest extra family; $6@7 for Penna and Ohio family, and $7,25@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. 200 bbls Rye Flour at $5@5,25.

GRAIN—Wheat—5000 bus sold at $1,38@1,40 for Indiana red; $1,10@1,20 for Penna red, $1,20@1,30 for Delaware red, $1,40@1,45 for amber, $1,30@1,33 for spring. Rye—Sales of 3000 bus at 90@95c ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 80@85c for Penna and Western yellow, 76@77c for Western mixed, and 67@73c for new. Oats—70,000 bus sold at 50c for black, 52@53c for mixed, and 54@55c for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $26,50; clear at $20, and extra prime at $22. Mess Beef at $23,50@23 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $30@31 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 20@22c; Excelsior Hams 22c; Sides at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Pickled Hams at 18@19½c, Sides at 16c; Shoulders, in salt, 14½@14½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 15½@16c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Inferior packed at 13@17c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 20@24c. Eggs at 31@33c ₱ doz. Cheese at 15½@16½c ₱ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 650 bales Middlings at 17@17¼c for Uplands, and 17¾@17¾c for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No. 1 Quercitron at $26 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@22 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,30@1,31; mixed do, $1,05@1,10; Straw, $1,10@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $31@32, No. 2 at $30,50@30. Bar Iron sells at $80 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—1800 bushels sold at $6,80. Timothy—Sales of 300 bus at $4,75@5,25. Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8¾@9¼c ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—18,000 head were disposed of at from 5,25c ₱ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $10,00 to 10,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

Plantation Bitters as an Appetizer.

Want of appetite is a sure sign that the stomach is out of order. All persons in perfect health relish their food, and it may be regarded as a rule to which there are no exceptions, that individuals who are never hungry cannot be entirely well. To eat without enjoyment is a penance, and sustenance taken into the stomach against the inclination does not nourish the system as it ought to do. The best-known remedy for a distaste or disinclination for food is PLANTATION BITTERS. A wine-glassful taken half an hour before breakfast, dinner, or supper, quickens the flow of the gastric juice, and thereby provokes hunger—for the palate sympathizes with the stomach. Nor can the appetite thus created be called a false appetite, for it is the legitimate consequence of a new energy imparted to the digestive organs by this wholesome medicated stimulant.

SEA MOSS FARINA will prove a great blessing to the poor. It is so cheap that it is within the reach of all. It is by far the most nutritious and delightful preparation that has ever come to our notice.—*Observer.*

Interesting to Ladies.

"I had used all the leading machines before I purchased a Grover & Baker, which I have used for the last seven years. I have not spent one cent for repairs during that time, and no other hands than mine have put it in order. For all kinds of work I think it the best family sewing machine in the market."—*Mrs. F. M. Fay, Fort Wayne, Indiana.*

A Fine Thing for the Teeth.

The fragrant SOZODONT has taken a very prominent place among the most approved dentrifices of the day. It is a very popular article for the toilet, highly recommended by all who have used it, as a beautifier and preserver of the teeth, refreshing the mouth, sweetening the breath, and arresting the progress of decay.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," stickiest thing out.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES, tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades and gives weight and quality of the cases with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from $18 upwards, and the Gold Watches from $70. When you write for a price list, state that you saw this notice in the ——
Address HOWARD & CO., 785 Broadway, New York.
nov12-4t

Those who are Sick, or

Afflicted with any chronic difficulty, should without delay write for Dr. Hamilton's New Treatise, sent free to any address. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D.,
P. O. Box 4962. New York city.
nov5-4t

Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep o' Nights.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.
CURES ITCH, TETTER. CURES SALT RHEUM. CURES ITCHING PILES. CURES BARBER'S ITCH. ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-ow1t

1500 DISTRESSING CASES OF CONSUMPTION

Cured without medicine. A grateful mother will cheerfully send the remedy free to any one afflicted. Address Mrs. C——, Care Gen. Wilcox, Cohoes, New York.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,
And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and
Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Body and Mind Disease.

Such is dyspepsia. The stomach and the brain are too intimately allied for the one to suffer without the other, so that dyspepsia and despondency are inseparable. It may be added, too, that irritation of the stomach is almost invariably accompanied by irritation of the temper.

The invigorating and tranquilizing operation of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is most powerfully developed in cases of indigestion. The first effect of this agreeable tonic is comforting and encouraging. A mild glow pervades the system, the chronic uneasiness in the region of the stomach is lessened, and the nervous restlessness which characterizes the disease is abated. This improvement is not transient. It is not succeeded by the return of the old symptoms with superadded force, as is always the case when unmedicated stimulants are given for the complaint. Each dose seems to impart a permanent accession of healthful invigoration. But this is not all. The aperient and anti-bilious properties of the preparation are scarcely secondary in importance to its tonic virtues. If there is an overflow of bile the secretion is soon brought within proper limits, and if the biliary organ is inert and torpid it is toned and regulated. The effect upon the discharging organs is equally salutary, and in cases of constipation the cathartic action is just sufficient to produce the desired result gradually and without pain. The Bitters also promote healthy evaporation from the surface which is particularly desirable at this season when sudden spells of raw, unpleasant weather are apt to check the natural perspiration and produce congestion of the liver, coughs, and colds. *The best safeguard against all diseases is bodily vigor*, and this the great Vegetable Restorative essentially promotes. nov5-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.
oct1-tf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 126 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. THOMAS W. SHARKEY to Miss MARY MOON, both of this city.

On the 3d of Aug., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. E. J. FOX to Miss JANE M. BRADY, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM P. BAKER to Miss MARY E. HOUGH, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Rees C. Evans, Mr. CHARLES DICK to Miss MARY A. BLAIR, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr CHARLES H. PRIEST to Miss SARAH A. WEBB, both of this city.

On the 11th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM BIRK to Miss EVELYNE PALMER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Oct., JAMES M. COOPER, in his 38th year.

On the 31st of Oct., Mr. GEORGE W. MARVIN, aged 41 years.

On the 31st of Oct., CATHARINE, relict of the late Adam Elliott, in her 100th year.

On the 30th of Oct., Mrs. CHARLOTTE HILLMAN, in her 49th year.

On the 19th of Oct., JACOB FISHER, in his 71st year.

On the 29th of Oct., Mr. JOSEPH MCKEE, in his 52d year.

On the 28th of Oct., CADDIE C., daughter of the late Allen J. and Eliza Hubbs, aged 22 years.

On the 25th of Oct., MARGARET STARR, in her 64th year.

On the 27th of Oct., GEORGE W. HALL, in his 38th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $3 50.	
2 copies,	$4 00
4 "	8.00
5 " (and one extra)	9.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it *for two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c. —See terms on the second page of this paper.

THE SWIMMER.

Golden-bearded and sunny-haired,
Strength in each knotted muscle laired,
Ivory-limbed on the bold headland,
A breathing-statue behold him stand!

A leap, a plunge, and the foamy flood
Clasps in its arms the laughing blood,
While the pliant limbs like marble shine,
In the bold embrace of the buoyant brine.

Down, where shudder the cold sea weeds,
To pastures where the porpoise feeds,
Where the drum-fish beats his mystic drum,
And the silver mullet glides shy and dumb.

Up, to the light on the breezy billow,
The wave his couch and the crest his pillow—
To dive, to float, to sink, to swim,
Delight in each luxurious limb.

Stroke on stroke, now away, away—
Swimmer and billow both at play;
While sea-nymphs blend with fingers weird
The green of the wave with the gold of his beard.

Upward now is the broad, bare breast,
Stretched on the wave he lies at rest;
Over his forehead the waters drip
And lave the smile on his swarthy lip.

Swift-winged curlews swim the air,
Clouds creep out of their loft lair,
While now on the wave, now on the wing,
The sea-gull screams like a human thing.

Once and again with an agile grace
He turns to the wave his ruddy face,
While the sweet fresh wind blows out of the South,
And lifts the brine to his bearded mouth.

Parting the billows on either hand,
Glowing and dripping he gains the land;
Shakes from his limbs and looks the dew,
Wrings his beard and is gone from view.

The Industrial Exposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

DEAR POST:—For two weeks I have been intending to write to you about the Great Fair here at Cincinnati, but have kept putting it off, like the blessed lazy soul that I am, and now the Fair is nearly over.

It is beautiful and wonderful. They say it is fully equal to the World's Fair at New York, some years ago. It is an exhibition, *exposition* I believe the fashion is to say, since they had the World's Fair at Paris; an exposition, then, of arts and manufactures, more particularly of Ohio, though there are articles here from all over the world. It is held in the Sangerfest Hall, built last summer for the Saengerbund Festival, and covering three acres of ground. It has been going on nearly three weeks.

There is everything here that the heart of man can devise, from a wax rosebud to a steam engine. There are grand pianos and hemp ropes, oil-paintings and washing-machines, silver tea-sets and steam pumps, bonnets and potato-diggers, paper collars and steam-ploughs, baby wagons and Housekeeping Made Easy for old maids and bachelors, dandies' ruffled-shirt bosoms and rag carpets, bedstead and bed-bug exterminators, burglar alarms and American broilers,—to broil Americans, I suppose,—pearl drops for enameling ladies' faces, and lubricating oils, perhaps for lubricating ladies' tempers, but I don't know. There are tubs and toilet bottles, marble mantel-pieces and wooden spoons, coffee sacks and embroidered baby dresses, bed-covers and dandies' boots. There are wigs, patent arms, artificial teeth, skeleton skirts, false curls, false hearts, false whiskers, wire bosoms, and wooden legs.

Which I'm out of breath at last, but I haven't made the faintest beginning of telling you what can be seen at the Exposition. In fact, I don't know what you can't see there, unless it is a police policeman, or a young lady with boots on large enough for her.

Among pictures, probably the one most admired of all is a painting called "Witch Hill," by Mr. Noble. It represents a beautiful young woman led out to be hung as a witch. Her small hands are bound with cords so tightly that the blood seems starting from the veins; a brutal-looking hangman, with a coil of rope in his hand is leading her, while just behind follow several of our wise and liberal-minded Puritan fathers. It is a powerful picture, a terrible picture, indeed. They all seem to stand out before you as alive and real, the grim, cruel, old Puritans with their peaked hats and white ruffs, the brute-faced hangman in his bare head, and the lovely young creature with her strained eyes and face of wild, mad terror. The face haunts you long after you leave the Exposition. Another picture, also greatly admired, is a large photograph of two beautiful babies, twins, who look more alike than any two babies I ever saw. I don't see how their mother tells 'em apart.

Of furniture, there is a famously ugly three-thousand dollar bedstead. It is a heavy, lumbering, ungainly thing, covered from head to foot and end to end with crazy wood-carving. It would give one a nightmare to sleep in it, I should think. It is a hideous fashion to have little impish wooden heads carved all over your furniture, to grin and make faces at you whichever way you turn your eyes. There are some exquisitely beautiful billiard-tables,—which old ladies from the country invariably take for pianos,—toilet-stands, what-nots, and touch-me-nots, of every conceivable shape and pattern, and a tobacco man has attracted much attention to his wares by displaying the initials of his name shaped out of little cigars about half as long as your thumb nail.

Let us go to the machine department. Beautiful machinery always has a fascination for me which nothing else in the world possesses, unless it is a beautiful man. I always like the two together. As I told you once before, a magnificent steam-engine, so grand and powerful, so true to a hair's breadth, yet so entirely noiseless and gentle in its movements, always reminds me of a brave, heroic man, powerful and daring as a lion, yet gentle and tender as a little child. I thought of the likeness again, as I looked at the magnificent steam-engine here at the Fair, an engine which was running nearly a half acre of machinery all at once, and yet making so little fuss over its work that you wouldn't know it was there, only for the bright glitter of steel about it.

Another great attraction about the machinery-room is, that it is the only department of the Fair unfrequented by the dandies of both sexes—the donkey-faced young man with the bell-crowned hat on, and the kitten-faced young woman with the hump on her back. The young man is afraid of soiling his superfine kids—while the young woman always declares the horrid machinery makes her head ache. The people who visit the machine-department, you will notice, are mostly mechanics and people from the country. You see farmers and country matrons, with their kindly, intelligent faces, by the dozen, all around among the steam pumps and whizzing wheels.

Doubtless you have heard of the famous California steam plough, the only steam plough, I think, which has its plough and engine all in one piece, and carries its steam right along with it. It is as big as a house—a great monster of a thing, and looks as if it would need a whole county to turn around in—but they say it can stop at any moment, within half an inch of a given line. Indeed I saw it clear the track for a street car quite as quick as and much easier than a big wagon could have done. One morning we heard a great noise of puffing and spattering, and we looked out of the window, expecting to see a steam fire-engine, but it was the big California steam-plough, travelling off to the Hamilton Co. Fair Grounds. It had its plough-shares turned up out of the way, and was gliding over the ground as gently as if it had been walking upon eggs. It doesn't have to be taken apart and hauled about when they want to move it from one place to another, but it just gets up and goes itself, being turned in different directions by a pilot, much the same as the man at the wheel would steer a steamboat. It ploughs ten furrows at a time, and, I believe, takes but two men to run it.

Among the myriads and myriads of machines for helping folks do every imaginable thing in the world, we remember one especially which interested the crowd greatly. Everybody smiled who saw it—it was so "cute." You saw a boy holding what looked like a piece of wooden lath, you saw an upright iron leaver come down with a thump and hit the wooden lath a little clip, then, in the words of our colored fellow-citizen, "sumfin dropped." You picked up the something and found it was a barrel-bung, which that one little clip of the upright iron leaver had cut off, shaped, smoothed, stamped with the maker's name, and thrown out at one side, while the chips and cuttings were thrown out at the other. This ingenious machine has made a fortune for its inventor in a very few years. You know Cincinnati is a famous place for beer and whiskey, and the bung-man finds immediate sale for all his bungs as fast as he can clip them off. But if his invention has brought him fortune, it has also brought him fame, in the shape of a funny nickname, which will cling to him as long as he remains this side of Heaven. Wherever he goes, wherever his name is spoken, he is mentioned under the sobriquet of "Bung-Hole Kirby."

Coming out of the machine-room you notice a rarely beautiful statue of the Greek Slave, made of what seems to be the purest, softest, richest marble. You are not half done admiring it, when you observe close beside it a big pile of tallow candles. You look narrowly at the fair statue again, and behold!—your radiantly beautiful marble Greek Slave is done in *tallow*, or some manner of grease of that sort, I don't know exactly what. It seems so ludicrous, and at the same time so disappointing. A lovely Greek Slave in tallow! A tallow woman! A prominent candle man has taken this method of showing what he can do in the grease line.

There are also some natural flowers and ornamental shrubs on exhibition, but natural flowers always suffer in such an unnatural place, where the air is full of carbonic acid, tobacco, hair-oil perfumes, and every manner of impurity, and the poor little flowers look dusty and wilted. There is a fountain and a waterfall, made by an ingenious arrangement of gas to resemble a moonlight scene. As we turned from looking at the tallow woman a band of music commenced playing, and glancing at the fountain, we discovered that it was reflecting a succession of colored lights, all the colors of the rainbow. How beautiful it all was! the flowers, the green trees, the music, the waterfall, the colored lights playing on the fountain.

"It is fairy-land!" we all exclaimed with one voice.

But just behind us another voice exclaimed:

"That's bully!"

And still another voice said:

"Ain't it sweet?"

We looked around and saw immediately behind us, first, a boot-black, then the donkey-faced young man with the bell-crowned hat on, and the kitten-faced young woman with the hump on her back. And then we knew it wasn't fairy-land.

The pleasantest feature about the whole exposition is the great number of laboring people with their families, who attend and enjoy it. The price of admission, only a quarter, is hardly high enough to tempt the big mobs, but to the common people and school children it is a source of inexhaustible delight. They feel certain for once that they have all their money's worth, and more. And, next to making people better, this is the highest, noblest mission on earth—to give pleasure to the common people.

Hidden Manhood.

I remember Harriet Martineau tells how, when she had grown to be quite a girl, a little one was born into her home; and as she would look and ponder, not knowing what was to become of it, she got a great terror into her heart that the babe would never speak, or walk, or do anything that *she* could do, because, she said how can it, seeing that it is so entirely helpless now? But she found, when the right time came, that the feet found their footing and the tongue its speech, and everything came along in its own right time; and then, instead of the babe, she had a noble and beautiful brother, who was able to take her part and teach things to her, who had taught him. So the babe became an illustration, when it came to manhood, of a very common latent fear in the hearts, not of sisters so much as of fathers and mothers, that the life that has come to them, and is their life over again, will not scramble, or grow, or wrestle into its own place, as theirs has done. They have no adequate belief in the hidden manhood or womanhood that is folded away within the small, frail nature, and that the man will walk among men and talk with men as a man; and so they often spend the better part of their time in trying to order afresh what our wise mother Nature has ordered already.—*Robert Collyer.*

MY HALLOWEEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Out I went into the meadow,
Where the moon was shining brightly,
And the trees their ghostly shadows
On the sloping hill did lean;
For I longed to see the goblins,
And the dainty-footed fairies,
And the gnomes, who dwell in caverns,
But come forth on Halloween.

All the spirits, good and evil,
Fay and pixie, witch and wizard,
On this night will sure be stirring,
Thought I as I walked along;
And if Puck, the "merry wanderer,"
Or her majesty Titania,
Or Queen Mab, to whom the secrets
Of the hidden world belong,

Should but condescend to let me,—
But my thoughts took sudden parting,
For I saw a few feet from me,
Standing in the moonlight there,
A quaint, roguish little figure,
And I knew 'twas Puck the trickster,
By the twinkle of his bright eyes
Underneath his shaggy hair.

Yet I felt no fear of Robin—
He just spoke some words of greeting,
Laughed, and touched me on the shoulder,
And we lightly walked away;
And I found that I was smaller,
For the grasses brushed my elbows,
And the asters seemed like chestnuts,
With their trunks so tall and gray.

Swiftly as the wind we travelled,
Till we came unto a garden,
Bright within a gloomy forest,
Like a gem within the mine;
And I saw as we grew nearer,
That the forms I thought were flowers,
Were but little men and women
Who amongst the green did shine.

But 'twas marvellous the resemblance
Their bright figures bore to flowers,
As they danced, and bowed, and courtesied,
Clad in white, and pink, and blue;
I was certain the tall lady
Who moved like a queen among them,
Was my pet rose, while her ear-rings
Sparkled like the morning dew.

There, too, sported Johnny Jump-Up,
Smiling gayly as he used to,
When he grew within my garden,
With his bright face to the sun;
And there walked the gentle lily;
While the snow-drop and the violet
Nodded to the haughty tulip—
All my flowers, every one.

Then spake Robin to me, wondering,
These blithe fairies are the spirits
Of the flowers, which all the summer
Bloom beneath its tender sky;
When they feel the chilly fingers
Of the Autumn closing round them,
Then they leave their earth-sprung dwellings
In the earth to mould and die;

As befits things that are mortal;
But these spirits who are deathless,
Care not for the frosty Autumn,
Nor the Winter long and keen;
But from field, and wood, and garden,
When their work is all completed,
Gather here to dance and frolic,
As of old, on Halloween.

Long, with Puck, I watched the revels,
Till the gray light of the morning
Dimmed the lustre of Orion,
Starry sentry overhead.
And the fairies at that warning
Ceased their riot, and the brightness
Faded from the lonely forest,
And I know that they had fled.

Ah! I always shall remember
That strange night I learned the secret—
Why the flowers fade and perish,
Why the sweet leaves lose their green.
Rarely is't to mortals granted
To behold the elves and pixies,
To behold the merry fairies,
Who come forth on Halloween.

RUPERT.

Dreams.

In order to prove that almost any kind of dream can, with tolerable certainty, be excited by special classes of stimulants, M. Maury caused a series of experiments to be performed on himself when asleep, which afforded very satisfactory results.

First experiment: He caused himself to be tickled with a feather, on the lips and inside of the nostrils. He dreamed that he was subjected to a horrible punishment. A mask of pitch was applied to his face, and then torn roughly off, taking with it the skin of his lips, nose, and face.

Second experiment: A pair of tweezers was held at a little distance from his ear, and struck with a pair of scissors. He dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells. This was soon converted into the tocsin, and this suggested the days of June, 1848.

Third experiment: A bottle of eau de Cologne was held to his nose. He dreamed that he was in a perfumer's shop. This excited visions of the East; and he dreamed that he was in Cairo, in the shop of Jean Marie Farina. Many surprising adventures occurred to him there, the details of which were forgotten.

Fourth experiment: A burning lucifer match was held close to his nostrils. He dreamed that he was at sea (the wind was blowing in through the windows), and that the magazine of the vessel blew up.

Fifth experiment: He was slightly pinched on the nape of the neck. He dreamed that a blister was applied. And this recalled the recollection of a physician who had treated him in his infancy.

Sixth experiment: A piece of red-hot iron was held close enough to him to communicate a slight sensation of heat. He dreamed that robbers had got into the house, and were forcing the inmates, by putting their feet to the fire, to reveal where their money was. The idea of the robber suggested that of Madame D'Abrantes, who, he supposed, had taken him for her secretary, and in whose memoirs he had read some account of bandits.

Seventh experiment: The word *perafaramus* was pronounced in his ear. He understood nothing, and awoke with the recollection of a very vague dream. The word *maman* was next used many times. He dreamed of different subjects, but heard a sound like the humming of bees. Several days after, the experiment was repeated with the words *Aror, Castor, Leonore.* On awaking, he recollected that he had heard the last two words, and had attributed them to one of the persons who had conversed with him in his dream.

Eighth experiment: A drop of water was allowed to fall on his forehead. He dreamed that he was in Italy, that he was very warm, and that he was drinking the wine of Orvieto.

Ninth experiment: A light, surrounded by a piece of red paper, was repeatedly placed before his eyes. He dreamed of a tempest and lightning, which suggested the remembrance of a storm he had encountered in the English Channel in going from Merlaix to Havre.

These observations are very instructive, inasmuch as they show conclusively that one very important class of our dreams is due to our bodily sensations.

The Puritan Sabbath.

The Puritan Sabbath in the villages of New England commenced on Saturday afternoon. No labor was performed on the evening which preceded the Lord's day. Early on Sunday morning the blowing of a horn in some places announced that the hour of worship was at hand. In other villages a flag was hung out of the rude building occupied by the church. At Cambridge, a drum was beat in military style; at Salem, a bell indicated the opulence of that settlement.

The public religious services usually commenced at nine in the morning, and occupied from six to eight hours, divided by an intermission of an hour for dinner. The people collected quite punctually, as the law compelled their attendance, and there was a heavy fine for any one that rode too fast to meeting. The sexton called upon the minister and escorted him to church in the same fashion that the sheriff now conducts the judge into our state courts. There were no pews in the church, and the congregation had places assigned them upon the rude benches, at the annual town meeting, according to their age, importance, and social standing. A person was fined if he occupied the seat of another. Our local histories reveal that pride, envy, and jealousy were active passions among the men of olden times, and it was delicate and difficult business to "seat the meeting-house," as it was quaintly called.

Many of the early churches of New England had two clergymen—one who was called the pastor; the other the teacher. The Sabbath services were as follows:—The congregations assembled at an early hour—never later than nine o'clock. After prayer, a chapter from the Bible was read by one of the ministers, and "expounded" at length. In many of the churches, however, the Bible was not read at all, and it took years of agitation to carry that "innovation." A psalm in metre was next sung, which was dictated, line by line, to the congregation; this service was usually performed by one of the deacons. The preacher did not take part in the introductory services.

The baptisms, cases of church discipline, and collections, always took place in the afternoon. The "long" prayer usually occupied from an hour to an hour and a half, and many of the sermons of this period make from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pages. There was a contribution every Sunday, preceded by an appeal from one of the deacons. The boxes were not carried round, but the congregation arose and proceeded to the deacon's seat, and deposited their offerings. The magistrates and "brief gentlemen" walked up first, the elders next, and then followed the "common people." This ceremony occupied much time. Besides the money given, persons brought various useful articles and goods as offerings. The collections were distributed by the deacons to the ministers and the poor.

The trials of ecclesiastical offenders, at the close of the services, often afforded much excitement and amusement; for some offences a particular dress was worn, and the "confessions" of the offenders were heard with much interest. Oftentimes the public services were continued until after sunset. After the benediction, the ministers passed out of the church, bowing to people on both sides of the aisle, as they all sat in silence until the clergymen and their families had gone out. Few persons, we imagine, would be willing to go back to these Sunday ceremonies of the Puritan Sabbath. It is wise to adapt the religious institutions of each age to the customs of the period and the usages of the same.

A Mother and her Infant Child.

Mother and child—think of it, my friends, on Christmas Day. What more beautiful sight is there in the world? What more beautiful sight, and what more wonderful sight?

What more beautiful? That man must be very far from the kingdom of God—he is not worthy to be called a man at all—whose heart has not been touched by the sight of his first child in its mother's bosom.

The greatest painters who ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing—a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Rafaelle by name, whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again for years, painting over and over that simple subject, the mother and her babe, and could not satisfy himself. Each of his pictures is most beautiful; each in a different way, and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple every-day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colors.—*Kingsley.*

Aimless Education.

Here is a rich man's son, who has been educated at great expense and pains, who has graduated from college, and has come out a gentleman. He has studied, not with a view of fitting himself for any avocation in life, but with the view of being a gentleman. He reads, not for the sake of knowing anything, but for the sake of being a gentleman. Soon his father breaks down; and he, when he is about twenty-five years old, finds himself a poor man's son, and dependent on his own exertions. And he says to himself—"What shall I do for a living?" He asks his feet, and his feet say, "I do not know." He asks his hands, and they say, "I do not know." He asks his head, and it says, "I never learnt anything about how to get a living." There is but one man that can befriend this poor wretch, and that is the sexton. Could anything be more useless than such a person? Could there be anything more pitiable than such histories? And yet they are happening every day.

☞ It is estimated that kerosene causes twelve fatal accidents daily in the United States.

OUR PATTERN.

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof;

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said:
"Ah! woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread!"

And then the weaver looked, and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors dimmed,
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack! alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife:
And sad it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task of life:

"The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

"We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above!"—*Phœbe Cary.*

Hot Summers.

Appleton's Journal gives the following account of remarkably hot summers:

In 1132 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the wells and streams in Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry. In 1152 the heat was so great that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1160 great numbers of soldiers in the campaign against Bela died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277 crops of hay and oats failed completely. In 1303 and 1304 a man could have crossed, dry-shod, over the rivers Seine, Loire, Rhine, and Danube. In 1393 and 1394 a multitude of animals perished by the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1440 the heat was extraordinary. In 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541 all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1615 and 1616 there was, in Italy, France, and the Netherlands, an overpowering heat. In 1648 there were fifty-eight consecutive days of extreme heat. 1678 was very hot, as were the first three years of the eighteenth century.

In 1718 it did not rain from April until October! The growing grain was burned, the rivers dried up, the theatres (but wherefore is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed thirty-six degrees Reaumer, equal to one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and 1734 there was great heat. The summer of 1746 was hot and dry, the growing grain being calcined. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1788 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comet year—1811—the summer was warm, and the wine produced that year was very precious. In 1818 the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being thirty-five Reaumer, or one hundred and twelve Fahrenheit. During the three days of the Revolution of July in 1830, the thermometer stood at thirty-six degrees Centigrade, about ninety-seven Fahrenheit. In 1832, during the uprising of the 5th and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.

Books and Reading.

The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper for him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book—as the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe—as Hafiz was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer, if all the secondary writers were lost—say, in England, all but Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon—through the profounder study so drawn to these wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. Dr. Johnson said: "Whilst you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both. Read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned."

Food Medicines.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient rose with a wonderful sense of rest, refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed and cooled by the lemonade and the fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. For example, he instances cures of spitting blood by the use of salt; epilepsy and yellow fever, watermelons; kidney affections, celery; poison, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, onions, &c. So the thing to do, in order to keep in good health, is really to know what to eat, and not what medicine to take.

☞ At the recent centennial celebration of Rutland, Vt., many curious relics were exhibited. Among them was "a letter written by our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, found under a great stone sixty-five years after His crucifixion, and reprinted in London in 1701."

☞ Judge Baily, of Demopolis, Ala., was so affected by the news of the death of Gen. Lee, that he died instantly while sitting in his chair.

The Growth of Character.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

The mind's action is like that of an engineer who works under water. He goes down in a diving-bell, and is hidden. The work progresses, and the structure rises, but it does not show above water at all. It is there, but it is deep-seated and concealed. And the eternal foundations of the mind's character are laid far down and strong, the work being so out of sight that men do not see it nor suspect it.

So it is that men are being destroyed by faults of which they have no conception. For faults, many of them, are just like mines with which men blow up bastions and towers of fortifications. Afar off, they by whom the work is done break ground, and hidden and unseen they dig till they have carried the mine under the foundation. And the occupants of the place know not what is going on till the last moment, when the tower leaps into the air, as if it were filled with life, and that which before was a strong defense is a heap of ruins. I know men who have a mine laid right under the curtain-wall, which only awaits the day and the hour when it shall be fired. I know men who continually walk over mines capacious enough to hold forty hog-heads of rum, but who do not know that it is under them. I know men that have mines dug under the very port of their life by rank dishonesties. I know men that have vices enough utterly to destroy them. But they work under ground, and they will not notice them, and nobody will tell them of their danger, and they will perish. But though they do not know about these things, God knows about them, and the devil knows about them.

It is true that some of these faults, such as carry inconvenience to men, or such as break out by reason of their strength into visible conduct, excite attention; but not, one in twenty of all those mental operations which are inwardly working to form that eternal character which shall carry reward or punishment, joy or woe, excites men's attention, or ever comes to their remembrance. It is a terrible thing to have this engineering going on in a man, and he know nothing about it, and take no account of it.

Thus men are insensibly filling up the mold and frame of their character in entire ignorance. Their passions, and thoughts, and fancies are like so many clerks. Suppose a man should neglect his business, and gave unlimited power to his clerks, and they, in his counting-room, should go on signing papers, filling up checks, running him in debt, tying up his affairs, and he should know nothing about it? You have not less than forty clerks; and there is not a day in which one or another of them does not use pen and ink that carry judgment in God's day of reckoning. They are writing what they please. Many of them are confidential clerks. One is Pride; another is Vanity; another is Lust of Power; another is Greed of Gain; and another is Self-indulgence. If they go on unrestrained, those clerks will break you, as sure as there is a God in Heaven. Many a clerk has broken his employer. You do not know your own condition. Your eternal affairs are becoming involved, your spiritual interests are being hazarded, and you know nothing about it. All is done silently and secretly.

To all classes and conditions, here is a truth of the greatest practical importance—the certainty of a formative process that is going on within you; the relation of that which is formed to your eternal destiny; and your need of a revelation to yourself of what you are.—*Herald of Health.*

Test of Character.

A great many admirable acts are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, serving all with a refreshing cup of tea or coffee before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own.

Do you hear her complain—the weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but every morning, perhaps, in the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah! it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these little self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

Poisonous Effects of Orange Peel.

Many years ago, says Dr. Gibbons, two little girls, sisters, four and six years of age, were seized with violent inflammation of the bowels from swallowing the rind of the orange. One of them died in convulsions, and the other had a narrow escape. Quite recently, a child something over a year old was attacked with violent dysenteric symptoms, for which no cause could be assigned. The attack came on during the passage of the family on the steamer from San Diego. The symptoms were identical with those which had previously been noticed to arise from poisoning by orange peel; and on inquiry, we were informed that it had been playing with an orange and nibbling at it just before the attack of disease. The discharges from the bowels were frequent and painful, and consisted of blood and mucus. After a week of severe enteric inflammation, the child died. We have no doubt that the disease was brought on by the rind of the orange. Though but a small quantity must have been swallowed, yet a very small quantity of such an indigestible and irritating substance will often produce the most serious consequences. The oil of the rind is highly acrid, and adds greatly to the noxious quality of the indigestible mass. We learn that it is a common practice among children at some of our public schools to eat the rind, and that juvenile merchants have been known to trade off the inside of the fruit for the skin.

☞ Calvin Chamberlain, a venerable citizen of Maine, has original views on the labor question. He recently dug seventy bushels of potatoes with his own hands, in eight hours, one day last week. He thinks a man at sixty ought not to work more than eight hours, nor dig more than seventy bushels of potatoes in a day.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angel's eyes:
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole,
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth,
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for other's good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love, that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, oh, Lord, for in Thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XLV.

ARTHUR BOHUN'S SHAME.

A well-spread dessert table of glass, and china, and plate, glittering under the rays of the handsome chandelier in the dining-room of Sir Nash Bohun's town house. Sir Nash and his nephew Arthur are seated at it, one guest between them. It is General Strachan; an old officer, Scotch by birth, who has just come home after passing the best part of his life in India.

The winter was departing. Arthur Bohun looked better—Sir Nash pretty well. In a month or two both intended to depart for the German Springs, that were to renovate Sir Nash's life.

General Strachan had been very intimate with Sir Nash Bohun in early life, before he went out at all to India. After he went out he had been equally intimate with Major Bohun; but he was only Captain Strachan then.

"And so you think Arthur like his father?" observed Sir Nash, as he passed the claret.

"The very image of him," replied the general. "I'm sure I should have known him for Tom Bohun's son had I met him accidentally in the street. Adair saw the likeness, too."

"What Adair's that?" carelessly asked Sir Nash.

"William Adair. You saw me with him at the club door this morning. We were going in this morning as you came up."

Perhaps Sir Nash was a little struck with the name. He called to mind a good-looking, slender, gentlemanly man, who had been arm-in-arm with the general at the time mentioned.

"But what Adair is it, Strachan?"

"What Adair? Why, the one who was in India when—when poor Tom died. He was Tom's greatest friend. Perhaps you have never heard of him?"

"Yes I have, to my sorrow," said Sir Nash. "It was he who caused poor Tom's death."

General Strachan apparently did not understand.

"*Who* caused poor Tom's death?"

"Adair."

"Why bless me, where could you have picked up that?" cried the general, in surprise. "If Adair could have saved Tom's life at any sacrifice to himself, he'd have done it. They were close, firm friends to the last."

Sir Nash seemed to be listening as though he heard not.

"Of course we did not get at the particulars of my brother's death over here as we should have done had we been on the spot," he remarked. "We were glad, rather, to hush it up for the sake of Arthur. Poor Tom got into some trouble, some disgrace—and Adair led him into it. That's what we have always heard."

"Then you heard wrong, Bohun," said the general, rather bluntly. "Tom got into debt, and I don't know what all—but it was not Adair that led him into it. Who could have told you it was?"

"Mrs. Bohun—Tom's widow."

"Oh, she," returned the general, in an accent of contempt that spoke volumes. "Why she—but never mind now," he broke off, suddenly glancing at Arthur, as he remembered that she was his mother. "Let bygones be bygones, Bohun," he added, sipping his claret; "no good to recall them. Only don't continue to believe aught against William Adair. He is one of the best men living, and always has been."

Arthur Bohun, who had sat still as a stone, leaned his pale face a little towards the general, and spoke.

"Did not this Mr. Adair, after my father's death, get into disgrace, and—and undergo its punishment?"

"Never. Adair got into no disgrace."

"Has he been a convict?" continued Arthur, in a low, clear tone.

"A WHAT?" cried the general, putting down his glass, and staring at Arthur in amazement. "My good young fellow, you cannot know of whom you are speaking. William Adair has been a respected man all his life; he is just as honorable as your father was; and the world knew pretty well what poor Tom's fastidious notions on the point of honor were. Adair is a gentleman amidst gentlemen; I can't say better of him than that though I talked for an hour. He is come into all the family honors and fortune, which he never expected. A good old Scotch family it is, too; better than mine. There, we'll drop the subject now: no good to reap up things that are past and done with."

Sir Nash asked no more: neither did Arthur. Some instinct lay within both of them, that, for their own sakes, it might be better not.

But when the general left—which he did very soon, having an evening engagement—Arthur went out with him. Arthur Bohun knew, as well as though he had been told, that his wicked mother—he could but think of her so in that moment—had dealt treacherously with him; to answer some end of her own, she had calumniated Mr. Adair. Cost him what pain and shame it might, he would clear it up now.

"Will you give me the particulars; that which you would not give my uncle?" began Arthur, in agitation, the moment they were out of the house, as he placed his hand on the general's arm. "No matter what they are, I must know them."

"I'd give them to your uncle and welcome," said the plain old soldier. "It was to you I'd not give them."

"But I must learn them."

"Not from me."

"If you will not tell, I shall apply to William Adair."

"William Adair can give them you if he pleases. I shall not. Take advice, my dear young friend, and don't inquire."

"I will tell you what I suspect—that if any one had a hand in driving my father to—to do what he did do, it was his wife; my mother. You may tell me now."

"No. Because she is your mother."

"But I have the most urgent reason for wishing to know the particulars."

"Well, Arthur Bohun, I'd rather not tell you, and that's the truth. If poor Tom could hear me in his grave, I don't think he'd like it, you see. No, I can't. Ask Adair first of all, whether he'd advise it, or not."

"Where is he staying?"

"Grosvenor Place. He and his daughter are in a furnished house there. She is very delicate."

"And—you say—I beg your pardon, General," added Arthur in agitation, detaining him as he was going away—"you say that he is an untainted gentleman."

"Who? Adair? As untainted as you or I, my young friend. Good-night."

In his mind's miserable tumult, any delay seemed dreadful, and Arthur Bohun turned at once to the house in Grosvenor Place. He asked if he could see Mr. Adair.

The servant hesitated. "There is no Mr. Adair here, sir," he said.

Arthur looked up at the number. "Are you sure?" he asked of the man. "I was informed by General Strachan that Mr. Adair had taken this house, and was living here."

"The General must have said Sir William, sir. Sir William Adair lives here."

"Oh—Sir William," spoke Arthur, "I—I was not aware Mr. Adair had been knighted."

"Knighted, sir! My master has not been knighted, sir," cried the man, as if he were indignant at the charge. "Sir William has succeeded to the baronetcy through the death of his uncle, Sir Archibald."

What with one thing and another, Arthur's head seemed to be in a whirl. Sir Archibald Adair had been well known to him by reputation; a proud old Scotch baronet, of a proud old lineage. And so this was Ellen's family! And he had been deeming her not fit to mate with him, a Bohun.

"Can I see Sir William? Is he at home?"

"He is at home, sir. I think you can see him."

In the dining-room of the house sat Sir William Adair when Arthur was shown in—his after-dinner coffee on a stand by his side, a newspaper in his hand. He was a slight man of rather more than middle height, with an attractive countenance. The features were good, their expression was noble and pleasing. It was impossible to associate such a face and bearing with anything like dishonor.

"I believe my name is not altogether strange to you, sir," said Arthur as the servant closed the door. "I hope you will pardon my intrusion—and especially that it should be at this hour."

Sir William had risen to receive him. He could but mark the agitation with which the words were spoken. A moment's vacillation, and then he took Arthur's hand and clasped it within his own.

"If I wished to be cold to you I could not," he said warmly. "For to me, you seem to be your father come to life again. He and I were friends."

"And did you wish to be cold to me?" asked Arthur.

"I have felt cold to you this many a year. Worse than that."

"But why, Sir William?"

"Ah—why. I cannot tell you. For one thing, I have pictured you resembling another, more than him."

"You mean my mother."

Sir William looked at Captain Bohun before he replied.

"Yes, I do. Will you take a seat: and some coffee?"

Arthur sat down, but it may be questioned whether he as much as heard that coffee was mentioned. Sir William rang the bell and ordered a cup of it brought in. Arthur leaned forward to speak; his blue eyes solemnly earnest, his hand a little outstretched. Sir William almost started.

"How strangely like him you are!" he exclaimed. "The look, the gesture, the voice, all are your father's over again. I could fancy that you were Thomas Bohun—as I *last* saw him in life."

"You knew him well—and my mother? You knew all about them?"

"Quite well. I know you, too, when you were a little child."

"Tell me one thing, then," said Arthur, his emotion increasing. "*Was* she my mother?"

The question surprised Sir William Adair.

"She was certainly your mother, and your father's wife. Why do you ask it?"

"Because—she has so acted—that I—that I—have many a time wished she was not. I have almost hoped it. I wish I could hope it now."

"Ah," said Sir William. It was all he said.

"Did you care much for my father, Sir William?"

"More than I ever cared for any other man. I have never cared for one since as I cared for him. We were young fellows then, he and I; not much older than you are now, but ours was a true friendship."

"Then I conjure you, by that friendship, to disclose to me the whole history of the past: the circumstances attending my father's shocking death, and its cause. Speak of things as though my mother were no blood relative of me. I wish to heaven she never had been."

"I think you must know somewhat of the circumstances," spoke Sir William. "Else why should you say this?"

"It is because I know part that I must know the whole. My mother has—has—*lied* to me," he concluded, bringing out the word with a painful effort. "She has fostered a false story upon me, and—I cannot rest."

"Arthur Bohun, although you conjure me by your late father, and for his sake I would do a great deal, I fear that I ought not to do this."

"General Strachan bade me come to you. I begged of him to tell me, but he said no. Does he know all?" broke off Arthur.

"Every tittle. I think he and I, and your mother are nearly the only three left who do know it. There were but some half-dozen of us altogether."

"And do you not think that I, Major Bohun's only son, should at least be made acquainted with as much as others know? Tell it me, Sir William, for my lost father's sake!"

"The only difficulty is—that you must bear ill of your mother."

"I cannot hear worse of her than I know," impetuously returned Arthur. "Perhaps it was not as bad as I am imagining that it may have been."

But Sir William held back. The coffee came in and Arthur drank it at a gulp, scalding hot, and sent the cup away again. He seemed on the brink of a fever in his impatience. And whether it was that, or to clear the memory of Major Bohun, or that he deemed it a righteous thing to satisfy Major Bohun's son, or that he yielded to over-persuasion, Sir William Adair spoke.

They sat nearly together, the small coffee table between them. Whether the room was light or whether the room was dark, neither remembered. It was a miserable tale they were absorbed in; one that need not be very much elaborated here.

"William Adair, when a young man, quarrelled with his family, or they with him, and an utter estrangement took place. His father and mother were dead, but his uncle, Sir Archibald, and other relatives, were left. He, the young man, went to the Madras Presidency, appointed to some post there in the civil service. His family made a boast of discarding him; he, in return, was so bitterly incensed and resentful against them, that had it been well practicable, he would have abandoned the very name—Adair. Never a word did he breathe to any one of who or what his family was; his Scotch accent betrayed his country, but people knew no more. That he was a gentleman, and in a gentleman's position, was apparent, and that was all-sufficient.

"A strong friendship ensued between him and Major Bohun. During one hot season it happened that they both went up in search of health to the Blue Mountains, as Indians call the beautiful region of the Neilgherry Hills. Mrs. Bohun accompanied her husband; Mr. Adair was not married. There they made the acquaintance of the Reverend George Cumberland, who was stationed at Ootacamund with his wife. Ootacamund was at that time filled, and a great deal of gayety (a great deal considering what the place was) was going on; Mrs. Bohun was noted for it. There was some gambling nightly; and no votary joined in it more persistently than she. Major Bohun removed with her to a little place at a short distance, and a few others went also; the chaplain, George Cumberland was one.

"There came a frightful day for Major Bohun. Certain claims suddenly swooped down upon him; debts; promissory notes, bearing signatures in conjunction with William Adair's. Neither understood what it could mean, for they had given nothing of the kind. A momentary thought arose to Major Bohun—that his wife was implicated; but only so far as that she might have joined in this high play; nothing worse. He had become aware that she had a passion for gambling, and the discovery had frightened him: in fact it was to wean her from undesirable associates and pursuits that he had come away on this holiday; the ostensible plea, health, was not the true one. But this was not known even to his best friend William Adair. 'Let me investigate this, let me deal with it,' said the major to Mr. Adair. But Mr. Adair not choosing to let a man forge his name with impunity—and he had no suspicion it was a woman—did not heed the injunction, but addressed himself to the investigation. And a nice nest of iniquity he found. He traced the affair home to one Rabbetson—but that was in all probability an assumed name—a man bad in every way, who was no better than a blackleg, who had wormed himself into society to prey upon it, and upon men and women's failings. This man Mr. Adair confronted with Major Bohun; and then—and then—the fellow, brought to bay, braved it out by disclosing who his helpmate was—Mrs. Bohun.

"It was even so. Mr. Adair sat aghast at the revelation. Had he suspected this, he would have kept it to himself. How far she had connected herself with this man, it was best not to inquire; and they never did inquire, and never knew. One thing was certain—the man could afford to take a high ground. He went out from the interview bidding them do their worst—which with him would not be much, he affirmed; for it was not he who had issued the false bills, but the major's wife. And they saw he spoke the truth."

Arthur Bohun listened to this now, sitting still as a statue.

"I never saw any man so overcome as Bohun," continued Sir William Adair. "He took it to heart; to heart! 'And she is the mother of my child!' he said to me; and then he gave way, and held my hands in his, and sobbed upon my shoulders. 'We will hush it up; we will take up the bills and the other obligations,' I said to him, though in truth I did not see how I should do my part in it, for I was a poor man: he was poor also; his expenses and his wife kept him so. 'It cannot be hushed up, Adair,' he answered; 'it has gone too far.' Those were the last words he ever said to me; it was the last time I saw him alive."

"Go on," said Arthur, without lifting his head.

"Mrs. Bohun came into the room and I quitted it. I saw by her face that she knew what had happened; it was full of evil as she turned it on me. Rabbetson had met her when he was going out, and whispered some words in her ear. What passed between her and Major Bohun I never knew. Before I had been five minutes in my rooms she stood before me; she had followed me down. Of all the vituperation that a woman's tongue can utter, hers lavished about

the worst on me. It was I who had brought on the crisis, she said; it was I who had taken Rabbetson to her husband. I quietly told her that when I took Rabbetson to Major Bohun, I had not the remotest idea that she was mixed up with the affair in any way; and that if I had known it, known what Rabbetson could say, I never should have taken him, but have striven to deal with it myself, and keep it dark for my friend Bohun's sake. She would hear nothing; she was like a mad woman; she cursed me; she swore that not a word of it was true; that Rabbetson did not say it, could not have said it, but that I and Major Bohun had concocted the tale between us. In short, I think she was, for the time being, mad."

"Stay a moment, Sir William," interrupted Arthur. "Who was she? I have never known. I don't think my father's family ever did know."

"Neither did I ever know—to a certainty. A cousin, or sister, or some relative of hers had married a doctor in practice at Madras, and she was out there on a visit to them. Captain Bohun—as he was then—caught by her face and figure, both fine in those days, fell in love with her and married her. He found afterwards that her father kept a hotel somewhere in England."

So! This was the high-born lady who had set up for being above all Dallory. But for the utmost self-control Arthur Bohun would have groaned outright.

"Go on, please," was all he said. "Get it finished."

"There is not much more," returned Sir William. "I went looking about for Bohun everywhere that afternoon; and could not find him. Just before sun-down he was found—found as—as I daresay you have heard. The spot was retired and shady, and his pistol lay beside him. He had not suffered: death must have been instantaneous."

"The report here was that he died of sunstroke," said Arthur, breaking a long pause.

"No doubt. Mrs. Bohun caused it to be so reported. The real facts transpired but to few: Cumberland, Captain Strachan, myself, and two or three others."

"Did Mrs. Cumberland know of them?" suddenly asked Arthur, a thought striking him.

"I daresay not. I don't suppose her husband would disclose to her the shameful tale. She was not on the spot at the time; had gone to nurse some friend who was sick. I respected them both highly. We made a kind of compact among ourselves, we men, not to speak of this story ever, unless it should be to defend Bohun, or for some other good purpose. We wished to give Mrs. Bohun a chance to redeem her acts and doings in her own land, for which she at once sailed. Arthur, if I have had to say this to *you*, it is to vindicate your dead father. I believe that your mother has dreaded me ever since."

Dreaded him! Ay! and foully aspersed him in her insane dread. Arthur thought of the wicked invention she had raised, and passed his hands upon his face as if he could shut out the remembrance.

"What became of Rabbetson?" he asked, in a low tone.

"He disappeared. I think, else, I should surely have shot him in his turn, or kicked him to death. I saw him afterwards in Australia dying in the most abject misery."

"And the claims?—the bills?"

"I took them upon myself; and contrived to pay—with time."

"You left India for Australia?" continued Arthur, after a pause.

"My health failed, and I petitioned our government to remove me to a different climate. They complied, and sent me to Australia. I stayed there, trying to accumulate a competency that should enable me to live at home with Ellen as befitted my family: little supposing that I was destined to become its head. My two cousins, Sir Archibald's sons, have died one after the other."

Arthur Bohun had heard all he wished, perhaps all there was to tell. If—if he could make his peace with Ellen, the old relations between them might yet be renewed. But while his heart bounded with the hope, the red shame crimsoned his brow as he thought of the past. Glancing at the timepiece on the mantle-shelf, he saw it was only half-past nine; not too late.

"May I see your daughter, sir?" he asked in a low tone. "We used to be good friends."

"So I suppose," replied Sir William. "You made love to her, Mr. Arthur Bohun. You would have married her, I believe, but that I stopped it."

"You—stopped it!" exclaimed Arthur, quite at sea; for he had not known of the letter received by Ellen.

"I wrote to Ellen telling her I must forbid her to marry you. I feared at the time of writing that the interdict might not arrive in time. But it seems it did."

"Yes," abstractedly returned Arthur, letting pass what he did not understand.

"You see, I had been thinking of you always as belonging to her—your mother—more than to him. That mistake is over. I shall value you now as *his* son; more I daresay than I shall ever value any other young man in this world."

Arthur's breath came fast and thick. "Then—you—you will give her to me, sir?"

Sir William shook his head in sadness. Arthur understood the meaning.

"The probability is, sir, that I shall be Sir Arthur Bohun; that I shall succeed my uncle in the baronetcy. Would it not satisfy you?"

"You can see her if you will," was Sir William's answer, but there was the same sad kind of denial in his manner. "I would not say no now for your father's sake. She is in the drawing-room. Up-stairs, front room. I will join you as soon as I have written a note."

Arthur found his way to it by instinct. Ellen was lying back in an easy chair; the brilliant light of the chandelier shining on her face. Opening the door softly, it—that face—was the first object that struck his sight. And he started back from it in a kind of amazed terror.

Was it *death* that he saw written there? All too surely the conviction came home to him.

Oh! but it was a more momentous interview than the one just over. Explaining he knew not how, explaining he knew not what, save that his love had never left her, Arthur Bohun knelt at her feet, and they mingled their sobs together. For some minutes neither could understand the other: but elucidation came at last. Arthur told her that the wicked tale, the frightful treachery which had parted them was but a concocted fable on his mother's part, and then he found that Ellen had never known anything about the tale.

"What then did you think was the matter with me?" he asked.

And she told him. She told him without reserve, now that she found how untrue it was. She thought he had given her up for another: Madam had informed her he was about to marry Miss Dallory.

He took in the full sense of what the words implied: of the very abject light in which his conduct must have appeared to her. Going to marry Mary Dallory! A groan burst from him: he covered his face to hide its shame and trouble.

"Ellen! Ellen! You *could* not have thought it of me."

"It was what I did think. How was I to think anything else? Your mother said it."

"Lord forgive her her sins!" he wailed, in his despair. Ellen hid her face.

"It was enough to kill you, Ellen. No wonder you look like this."

She was panting a little. Her breath seemed very short.

"Pray heaven I may be enabled to make it up to you when you are my wife. I will try hard, my darling."

"I shall not live for it, Arthur."

A spasm took his heart. The words struck him as being so very real.

"Arthur, I have known it for some time now. You must not grieve for me. I think even that death is rather near."

"What has killed you? I?"

A flush passed over her wan face. Yes, he had killed her. That is, his conduct had: the sensitive crimson betrayed it.

"I suppose the fact is, I should not in any case have lived long," she said, aloud. "I believe they feared something of the kind for me years ago. Arthur, don't! Don't weep; I cannot bear it."

Sir William Adair had just told him how his father had wept in *his* misery. And before Arthur could well collect himself, Sir William entered.

"You see," he whispered aside to Arthur, "why it may not be. There will be no marriage for her in this life. I am not surprised. I seem to have expected it always: my wife, her mother, died of decline."

Arthur Bohun quitted the house overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. What regret is there like unto that for past mistaken conduct, which can never be repaired, never remedied in this world?

CHAPTER XLVI.

NO HOPE.

Once more, and for good, does the scene change to Dallory.

Seated on the lawn-bench at Dallory Hall, in the sweet spring sunshine—for the time has again gone on—was Ellen Adair. Sir William Adair and Arthur Bohun were pacing amidst the flower-beds that used to be Mr. North's. Arthur stooped and plucked a magnificent pink hyacinth.

"It is not treason, sir, is it?" he asked, smiling.

"What is not treason?" returned the elder man.

"To pick this."

"Pick as many as you like," said Sir William.

"Mr. North never liked us to pluck his flowers. Now and then Madam would make a ruthless swoop upon them for her entertainments. It grieved his heart bitterly: and I think that was whence we got an idea that he did not like us to pluck them."

"No wonder," said Sir William.

The restoration to the old happiness, the clearing-up of the dreadful cloud that had so fatally told upon her, seemed to infuse new vigor into Ellen's shortening span of life. With the exception of her father, everybody thought she was recovering; the doctors admitted, rather dubiously, that it "might be." She got wonderfully well through the winter, went out and about almost as of old—and when more genial weather set in, it was suggested by friends that she should be taken to a warmer climate. Ellen opposed it; it would be of no avail she knew, perhaps only hasten on the end; and after a private interview Sir William had with the doctors, he did not second it. Her great wish was to go to Dallory: and arrangements for their removal thither were made.

Dallory Hall was empty, and Sir William found that he could occupy it for the present, if he pleased. Mr. North had removed to the house that had been Mrs. Cumberland's, leaving his own furniture (in point of fact it was Richard's) at the Hall, hoping the next tenant, whoever that might prove to be, would take to it. Miss Dallory seemed quite undecided what to do with the Hall, whether to let it for a term again or not. But she was quite willing that Sir William Adair should have it for a month or two.

And so he came down with Ellen, bringing his servants. This was only the third day after their arrival, and Mr. Arthur Bohun had arrived. Sir William had told him he might come when he would.

The change seemed to have done Ellen good, and she had had her visitors. Mrs. Gass had been there; Mr. North had come; and Richard ran in for a few minutes daily. Sir William welcomed them all heartily; Mrs. Gass, warmly; for she was the sister-in-law of Mrs. Cumberland—and Ellen had told him of Mrs. Gass's goodness of heart. She had untied her bonnet, tilting it to the back of her head without ceremony, and stayed luncheon with them.

Mr. North was alone in his new home, and likely to be; for his wife had relieved him of her society. Violently indignant at the prospect of removal from such a habitation as the Hall to that small home of the late Mrs. Cumberland's, Madam went off to London, with Matilda, and took Sir Nash Bohun's house by storm. Not an hour, however, had she been in it, when Madam found all her golden and aspiring dreams must be scattered to the four winds. Never again would Sir Nash receive her as a guest or tolerate her presence. The long hidden truth, as connected with his unfortunate brother's death had been made clear to him; first of all by General Strachan, next by Sir William Adair, with whom he became intimate.

What boots it to tell of the interview between Arthur and his mother? It was of a painful character. There was no outspoken reproach, there was no loud voice raised. In a subdued manner, striving all the while for calmness, Arthur told her she had wilfully destroyed both himself and Ellen Adair; her life, for she was dying; his happiness. He recapitulated all that had been disclosed to him relating to his father's death; and Madam, brought to bay, never denied its accuracy.

"But that I dare not presume deliberately to fly in the face of one of Heaven's express Commandments, I would now cast you off for ever," he concluded in his bitter pain. "Look upon you again as my mother, I cannot. I will help you when you need help; so far will I act the part of a son to you; but all respect for you has been forced out of me; and I would prefer that we should not meet very often."

Madam went off the same day to Germany, Matilda and Parrot, the maid, in her wake. Letters came from her to say she should never go back to Dallory, never; probably never set her foot on British soil again; and therefore she desired that a suitable income might be secured to her abroad.

And so Mr. North had his new residence all to himself—save for Richard. Jelly had taken up her post as his housekeeper, general manager, and upper servant; with a boy and a maid under her; and there was one out-door gardener. All of whom she domineered over to her heart's content. Jelly was regaining some of her lost flesh, and more than her lost spirits. Set at rest in a confidential interview with Mr. Richard, as to the very tangible nature of the apparition she had seen, Jelly was herself again. Mr. North thought his garden lovely, more compact even than the extensive one at the Hall; he was out in it all day, working a bit between whiles, and felt at peace. Mrs. Gass came to see him often; Mary Dallory nearly daily; he had his good son Richard to bear him company in an evening; and altogether Mr. North was in much comfort. It had been Richard's intention to take a lodging for himself, but the departure of Madam changed his plans, and he went into the new house with *his father*. Dr. Rane's house remained empty, old Phillis, to whom also had been disclosed the truth, being there to take care of it. The doctor's personal effects had been sent to him by Richard.

And that's all that need be said of the changes just yet.

"Ellen looks much better, sir," remarked Arthur Bohun, as he twirled the pink hyacinth he had plucked.

"A little fresher, perhaps, from the country air," answered Sir William.

"I have not lost hope: she may be mine yet," he murmured.

Sir William did not answer. He would give her to Arthur now with his whole will and heart, had her health permitted it. Arthur himself looked ill; in the last few months he seemed to have aged years. An awful amount of remorse was ever upon him; his life, in its unavailing regret, seemed to be one long agony.

They turned across to where she was sitting.

"Would you not like to walk a little, Ellen?" asked her father.

She rose at once. Arthur held out his arm, and she took it. Sir William was quite content that it should be so: Arthur, and not himself. The three paced the lawn. Ellen wore a lilac silk gown, and warm white burnouse cloak. An elegant girl yet, though wore nearly to a shadow, with the same sweet face as of yore.

But she was soon tired, and sat down again—Arthur by her side. One of the gardeners came up for some orders, and Sir William went away with him.

"I have not been so happy for many a day, Ellen, as I am this one," began Captain Bohun. "You are looking quite yourself again. I think—in a little while—that you may be mine."

A blush, beautiful as the rose-flush of old, sat for a moment on her cheeks. She knew how fallacious was the hope.

"I am nearly sure that Sir William thinks so, and will soon give you to me," he added.

"Arthur," she said, putting her wan and wasted hand on his, "don't lay the hope to heart. The disappointment, when it came, would be all the harder to bear."

"But, my darling, you are surely better!"

"Yes, I seem so, just for a little time. But I fear that I shall never be well enough to be your wife."

"It was so very near once, you know," was all he whispered.

There was no one within view, and they sat, her hand clasped in his. The old expressive silence that used to lie between them of old, ensued now. They could not tell to each other more than they had told. In the most unexpected reconciliation that had come, in the bliss it brought, all had been disclosed. Arthur had heard all about her self-humiliation and anguish, he knew of the treasured violets, and their supposed treachery; she had listened to his recital of the weeks of despair, she had seen the letter written to him from Easton, worn with his kisses, tears, and kept in his bosom still. No: of the past there was nothing more to tell each other; so far they were at rest.

Arthur Bohun was still unconsciously twirling that pink hyacinth about in his fingers. Becoming awake to the fact, he offered it to her, putting it in her lap. A wan smile parted her lips.

"You should not have given it to me, Arthur."

"Why?"

Ellen took it up and smelt it. The perfume was very strong.

"Why should I not have given it to you?"

"Don't you know what the hyacinth is an emblem of?"

"No."

"Death."

One quick, pained glance at her. She was smiling yet, and looking rather fondly at the flower. Captain Bohun took both flower and hand in his.

"I always thought you liked hyacinths, Ellen."

"I have always liked them very much indeed. And I like the perfume—although it has something in it faint and sickly."

He quietly flung the flower on the grass, and put his boot on it to stamp out its beauty. A nearer emblem of death, now, than it was before: but he did not think of that.

"I'll find you a sweeter flower presently, Ellen. And you know—"

A visitor was crossing the lawn to approach them. It was Mary Dallory. She had not yet been to see Ellen. Something said by Mrs. Gass had sent her now. Happening to call on Mrs. Gass that morning, Mary heard for the first time of the love that had so long existed between Captain Bohun and Miss Adair, and that the course of the love had been forcibly interrupted by Madam, who had put forth the plea to Ellen that her son was engaged to Miss Dallory.

Mary sat in mute surprise, recalling facts and fancies. "I know that Madam would have liked her son to marry me; the hints she gave me on the point were too broad for me to mistake that," returned Mary to Mrs. Gass. "Neither I nor Captain Bohun had any such thought or intention; we understood each other too well."

"Anyway, you once took in me," said Mrs. Gass.

Mary laughed. "It was only in sport; I did not think you were serious."

"They believed in it at the Hall."

"Oh, did they? So much the better."

"My dear, I am afraid it was not for the better," dissented Mrs. Gass rather solemnly. "They say that it has killed Miss Ellen Adair."

"What?" exclaimed Mary.

"Ever since that time when she first went to the Hall on Mrs. Cumberland's death, she has been wasting and wasting away. Her father, Sir William, has now brought her to Dallory, not to try if the change might restore her, for nothing but a miracle would do that, but because she took a whim to come. Did you hear that she was very ill?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"Well then, I believe it is nothing else but this business that has made her ill—Captain Bohun's deserting of her for you. She was led to believe it was so—and, until then, they were wrapped up in each other."

Mary Dallory felt her face grow hot and cold. She had been entirely innocent of ill-intention; but the words struck a strange chill of repentance to her heart.

"I—don't understand," she said in a frightened tone. "Captain Bohun knew there was nothing between us; that there was not the shadow of a pretence of it: why did he not tell her better?"

"Because he and she had parted on another score; they had been parted through a lie of Madam's who wanted him to marry you. I don't rightly know what the lie was: something frightfully grave; something he could not repeat again to Miss Adair: and Ellen Adair never heard it, and thought it was as Madam said—that he had turned his love over to you."

Mary sat as one struck dumb, thinking of the past. There was a long pause.

"How did you get to know this?" she breathed.

"Ah, well—partly through Mr. Richard. And I sat an hour talking with poor Miss Ellen yesterday, and caught a hint or two then."

"I will set it straight," said Mary, feeling, though without much cause, bitterly repentant.

"My dear, it has been all set straight between 'em since the winter. Nevertheless, Miss Mary, 'twas too late. Madam did her crafty work well."

"Madam deserves to be drawn through the place at the cart's tail," was the impulsive rejoinder of Miss Dallory.

She betook herself to the Hall there and then. And this explains her approach. Things had become pretty clear to her as she walked along. She had never been able to account for the manner in which Ellen seemed to have shunned her, to have avoided all approach to intimacy or friendship. That Mary Dallory had favored the impression that was abroad of Arthur Bohun's possible engagement to her, she was now all too conscious; or, at any rate, had not attempted to refute it. But she had never thought she was doing harm to any one.

Just as Arthur Bohun had started back when he first saw Ellen in the winter, so did Miss Dallory start now. Wan and wasted! ay, indeed. Mary felt half sick to think what share she had held in it.

She said nothing at first. Room was made for her on the bench, and they talked of indifferent matters. Sir William came up and was introduced. Presently he and Arthur strolled to a distance.

Mary spoke then. Just a word or two, she said, of the misapprehension that had existed; and burst forth into her exculpation.

"Ellen, I would have died rather than have caused you pain. Oh, if I had but known! Arthur and I were familiar with each other as brother and sister; never a thought of ought else was in our minds. If I let people think there was, why—it was done in a kind of coquetry. I had somebody else in my head you see, all the while, and that's the truth. And I am afraid I enjoyed the disappointment that would ensue for Madam."

Ellen smiled faintly. "It seems to have been a complication altogether. A kind of ill-fate that I suppose there was no avoiding."

"You must get well, and be his wife."

"Ay. I wish I could."

But none could be wishing that as Arthur was. Hope deceived him; he confidently thought that a month or two would see her his. Just for a few days the deceitful improvement in her continued.

One afternoon they drove to Dallory churchyard. Ellen and her father, Arthur sitting opposite them in the carriage. A fancy had taken her that she would once more look on Mrs. Cumberland's grave; and Sir William said he should like to see it.

The marble stone was up now, with its inscription, "Fanny, widow of the Reverend George Cumberland, Government Chaplain, and daughter of the late William Gass, Esq., of Whitborough." There was no mention of her marriage to Captain Rane. Perhaps Dr. Rane fancied the name was not in very good odor just now, and so omitted it. The place where the ground had been disturbed to take up those other coffins had been filled in again with earth.

Ellen drew Sir William's attention to a green spot near, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a tree that waved its leaves in the breeze, and flickered the grass beneath with ever-changing light and shade.

"It is the prettiest spot in all the churchyard," she said, touching his arm. "And yet no one has ever chosen it."

"It is very pretty, Ellen, but solitary."

"Will you let it be here, papa?"

He understood the soft whisper, and slightly nodded, compressing his lips. Sir William was not deceived. Years had elapsed, but to him it seemed to be his wife's case over again. There had been no hope for her; there was none for Ellen.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A genius by the name of Jeremiah Cory, of Holden, Missouri, has recently taken out a very novel patent. The invention consists in so combining and arranging a poultry roost with the gates of one or more beehives that the perching of the poultry upon the roost will serve to automatically close the hives. The object is to insure the closing of the hives at night, so as to exclude the bee-moth, and the opening of the same in the morning, to permit the passage of the bees in and out during the day. The genius of our people is equal to all emergencies.

☞ When a Montana man gets to "hankering for office right smart," they elect him sheriff, and he lives just two days.

☞ The "divorce without publicity" lawyers of Chicago are to be stopped from advertising their business by the judges.

☞ The Prussian field post-office department receives about 40,000 letters, and sends to Germany over 200,000 every day.

The Chinese.

A recent writer, holding an official position under the British Government in Canton, has furnished some curious details as to the domestic expenses of Chinamen. The currency in China is made up of three monetary denominations, to wit, the "tael," or ounce of silver, worth at par, $1.33⅓; the Mexican dollar; and the "teien" or "cash," of which nominally 1,000, but usually 1,200 to 1,500 constitute the dollar. This minute subdivision of the dollar affords great facilities for buying food and goods in small quantities. Now it has been stated that a Chinese beggar can sustain life upon 30 cash, or about two cents a day. Upon this point the writer mentioned says that in China life can be, and frequently is, supported for a considerable time upon even a less sum than 30 cash, but prefers to place the average cost of the food and lodging of the lowest class of Chinese at 45 cash, or three cents a day. At this rate the cost of living per month would amount to 90 cents, and this is the lowest sum upon which existence can be indefinitely prolonged. The next higher class, the ordinary laborer or coolie, expends from $1.20 to $2 a month for food alone. At $2, it is estimated the coolie could live above the style of his class. Upon one tael or $1.33⅓ cents per month he would have a sufficient quantity of rice, fish and vegetables and pork, once a day; upon one dollar a month, he might be able to live for some time, but would, in all probability, be finally broken down by disease, resulting from hard work, exposure and poorness of diet. The better classes in China, who live comfortably, but without display, are estimated to expend about $4 a month for each individual.

In regard to rent, the Chinese enjoy superior advantages, the cheapest houses for a single person being as low as 70 cents a month, and these narrow quarters being often occupied by two or three families. A married coolie will, it is stated, share a house of three rooms with another married coolie at a total rental of $2 a month. The class expending an average of $4 a head for food will occupy a house renting from $72 to $96 a year. The rate of wages for servants in houses renting for the above sum is from 60 cents to $1.40 a month in addition to food, and three servants form the ordinary establishment of a married man with children. Two dollars a month, it is believed, would cover the expense of each servant; in some families the servants are also supplied with clothes. From the above considerations the total expenses of a Chinese laborer for himself and wife, are fixed at $3.80 for food and one dollar for rent, making a necessary outlay of $3.80 per month, exclusive of clothes.

The lowest sum on which a Chinese could manage to work and to support life, would be $3.35 for food and rent. The cost of living in the various classes of Chinese cannot be particularized in the different grades, but the expenses of a family of the respectable better class composed of a man, his wife and three children, are placed at $30 a month, divided as follows: For rent, $8; food for three servants, $3; food for parents, $8; food for the three children, $8, and wages of servants $3, making the total of $30, as above given. The prime necessaries of life in China are very cheap, but it is asserted that the silly stories of the Chinese want of nicety in eating garbage and offal, are utterly destitute of foundation and ill-natured, as none but the lowest beggars eat anything that would offend the tastes of the European races.

☞ In France, they are building two-story railroad cars. There is a great saving of first cost in them, and also in dead weight. The latter amounts to only 200 pounds per passenger, while in this country the dead weight per passenger is rarely less than 500 pounds, and often more. The new style would probably be of great advantage to roads that carry a large number of passengers for short distances, as on lines converging to the great cities, where there is a great population within five or ten miles that has to be transported to and from their business daily.

☞ THE INCOME TAX.—Justice Strong having decided that Congress could not interpret a law, and that the Income Tax having expired January 1, 1870, was consequently null and void until re-enacted, Commissioner Douglass has taken steps to have this decision brought up for early revision by the Supreme Court, in order that if sustained the department can arrange to refund what has been collected, and cease its collection for the period during which it was authorized by law.

☞ The Trustees of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., have unanimously elected General G. W. C. Lee, second son of General Robert E. Lee, as President of the institution, to succeed his father. They have also changed the name of the College to "Washington-Lee University."

☞ The Prince of Wales was recently installed Patron of the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland.

☞ Ida Lewis was recently married to Wm. H. Wilson, of Black Rock, Conn.

☞ Official returns of the South Carolina election show that all the Congressional districts have been carried by the Republicans. De Laye (colored Republican) beat Bowen (white Republican) in the Charleston district.

☞ Two magazines, containing 15,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine, at Fairport, near Painesville, Ohio, exploded recently. Four men were killed, namely, Patrick Scribner, Edward Duncan and two Malones, father and son. The shock was felt for miles around. The magazines stood by the river, and in their places are now two lakes fifty feet wide and seventy-five deep, showing the fearful force of the explosion.

☞ It is certainly a curious chemical fact that the substances required to form common table salt are both of them poisonous—chlorine and sodium. No one can use either of these articles separately with safety, and yet combine them, and they form a substance necessary to health, and one found upon every table.

☞ "Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water on seeing a boy take up a stone.

☞ It is related that a recent letter to Bismarck, marked "private," was opened by his confidential clerk, who had scarcely opened it and read a few lines when he was seized with violent pains in the head and fell back in a swoon. Another clerk picked it up and felt the same symptoms. After a little while they recovered, and carried the document to a chemist, who soon ascertained that the letter had been poisoned with veratrim, a subtle and dangerous substance, the odor of which mounts into the brain, and is very liable to produce death or insanity.

☞ In the "dress-making suit" now in course of trial at Boston, one of the witnesses testified that he had made dresses at $300 apiece, while the girls working upon these expensive garments were paid from $8 to $12 per week. One of the girls employed on the costly garments, the price of which is in dispute, testified that she received $7 a week. It may here be mentioned that the verdict of the jury for the "fashionable dressmaker" was $1,189.30, not one-fifth of the amount claimed.

☞ The resignation of Secretary Cox leaves but one of President Grant's original appointees in the Cabinet—Postmaster-General Cresswell.

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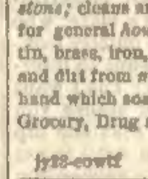

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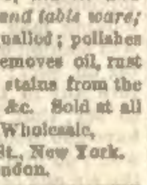

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Reminiscences of Charles Dickens.

BY SARSFIELD YOUNG.

It is surprising that since Mr. Dickens's decease no one should have conceived the idea of writing a sketch of that illustrious author. It is perhaps too much to require that some competent person prepare his biography, but the public have a right to expect at least a few reminiscences. I am persuaded to sketch the following imperfect outlines only from a conviction that the great novelist has in this respect been neglected. I trust I shall not be deemed to have broken the seal of private confidence in thus disclosing how well I knew him, and (what is still more remarkable) how well he knew me:—

[While Mr. Dickens was on his first visit to this country, the writer had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He put up in Philadelphia, at a well-known and fashionable boarding-house then kept by an aunt of mine, at the corner of Second and Thirteenth streets. He never said anything while there, until he came to pay his board bill, when, bidding my aunt farewell, he observed: "Mrs. Sagoe, *for terseness and brevity, your steaks surpass any I have ever met with.*" Aunt Sarah had these words neatly framed, and they have hung in her back parlor to this day.

Before he came again, the country had made wonderful progress. A new generation had been born, including myself.

When the steamer was signalled, I went down on the wharf. Dickens was standing near the rail, and wore a coat, vest, pants, and a hat. I couldn't make out through the glass how much they cost, and I forgot to ask him afterward. Shortly after she had hauled into the dock, I went on board. We shook hands. Mr. Dickens had a peculiar way of reserving his right hand for this process, though on great occasions he would use both. We employed all four, with the understanding that a more formal demonstration should be made at Parker's. I offered to carry his valise. Graciously declining my services, he betokened his appreciation of my delicate attention by presenting me on the spot with a complete set of his works—Author's Edition.

"My dear fellow," he whispered, "there's a Boston man down below, blacking my other pair of boots, who'd feel hurt if I should let anybody else take that bag."

I called upon him as soon as he was fairly settled, and found him in his shirt-sleeves, writing vigorously. Mr. Dickens's intimate friends are aware that he indulged in the habit, while writing, of occasionally dipping his pen in the inkstand. I don't remember much about the room except that there were several chairs (good chairs) and a table in it. The distinguished occupant was sitting about nine and a half feet from the door facing the Southwest, his hair well brushed, head a little inclined to the right, except his eyes, which were inclined to twinkle as though he had just hit upon something particularly bright and happy. The carpet was green with a red figure. You could see in a moment that he was a man of genius. The room was lighted with gas. Was it possible that the immortal author of "Dickens's Works" was before me? [Upon the table was a cigar, half consumed, an inkstand, three pen-holders, a bundle of envelopes, a brass key, several bouquets, a paper-cutter, a stick of sealing-wax, a quantity of writing-paper, a table-cloth (spread), a newspaper (the date has escaped me), and such other things as are usually on such tables.]

Dickens, as soon as he saw me, stopped writing, wiped his pen, ran his fingers through his hair, took out his watch and wound it up, brushed his coat and put it on (not forgetting to place a rose in the button-hole), and then, waving his hands very gracefully (he wore high-priced studs and a pair of elaborately built sleeve-buttons), addressed me as follows:—

Mr. Dickens (with tender embrace.) Sarsfield!!!!

Mr. Young (representing American Literature.) Charles!!!!

The remainder of our conversation was devoted to minor topics.

Early one morning we started from the Parker House, and walking rapidly over West Boston bridge passed through Cambridge, by the Colleges, and kept on travelling, without speaking a word, the best part of a couple of days, I should judge, though I didn't have my watch with me. Suddenly he asked the name of the town we were rapidly approaching.

"Great Barrington," said I.

"Is it possible?" said he. And we turned and walked home again.

His first reading in America was a private one to me. We had come in from a thirty-mile walk, and I was somewhat tired. Taking up the second volume of his History of England, he began in an easy, careless way. So did I. I went to sleep. Just as he was finishing the book I woke up; and when he asked me how I liked it, I told him frankly that, in my opinion, it never would do in the world—the plot was too eccentric.

He was a kind man. Frequently he would ride for days together up and down a railroad, for no other purpose than to help take cinders out of people's eyes.

He was fond of oysters, of children, dogs, and an international copyright. I remember his meeting me once on Broadway and he didn't recognize me. He never mentioned the incident afterward. It has been said that he was also fond of dress. I regret that I never asked him about this, though I recall the circumstance of my inquiring where he had his vests made. Said he: "My *waistcoats* were made abroad."

He never liked to sit for his photograph; consequently, he generally stood up.

It pleased him to receive letters requesting his autograph and a lock of his hair. The articles were invariably sent by return mail. He was also gratified at the privilege of shaking hands with people whom he was never to see again. I once humored him by introducing in a body two fire companies and a Sunday-school.

As we parted he gave me excellent advice: "Write with vigor," said he, "with sincerity, and blue ink; but don't write novels. It might injure the sale of my books." I promised him I would not, and we saw each other no more.—*Punchinello.*

☞ Mark Twain has given us, in the Galaxy, some delicious hits of obituary poetry, but here are some lines on a Kansas baby, seven months old, which is quite equal to the samples of the humorist:—

Our cottage, aye, is lonesome now,
We see the dress and bib;
But not the eye and noble brow
That filled her empty crib.

THE NURSERY DINNER.

MAMMA.—"It's very naughty of you, Fanny, to say you won't have your dinner, and really winked to say it's nasty, after having said your grace so prettily!"

FANNY.—"Yes, but, mamma, I wouldn't have said grace if I'd known it was Irish stew!"

A Capital Joke,

And all the more palatable because it is true, and can be vouched for, took place a few Sundays since at one of the prominent New Jersey churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said:—"All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who, by the way, was a little deaf, having an eye to selling the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted, "And all you who haven't any, can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each."

The preacher looked cross-eyed at the brothers, the brothers looked at the clergyman; the audience punched the audience in the side, the bubble grew larger until it burst into a loud guffaw; ladies colored up, crimsoned, blushed, and thanked the lord for the low price of peopling the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of.

The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third from the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him.

Trading Horses.

The Methodist begins an article on "Religion and Business" in this striking way:—A few weeks since, while travelling in one of the New England states, we met an eccentric old man who combines the occupations of farmer, horse-dealer and colporteur. In his "work of mercy," as he styles his colporteuring, he distributes tracts gratuitously, and sells Bibles and other religious books at cost to those who can pay for them, and gives them away to the poor. We were very much impressed, as well as amused, with one remark which the old man made in the course of the conversation. "Now," said he, "when I start on a work of mercy, and stop to deal in horses, I never have good luck. The fact is, *I don't want the Lord around when I'm trading horses!*"

A TOUGH CASE.—Elder Knapp, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting in Arkansas, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking man, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, said: "Elder, I don't want to interfere any in this yere business; but I want to say, that is a hardened old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

An Obvious Illustration.

Customer.—"Waiter, do you call this a milk toast?—why, there's no milk to be seen."

Waiter.—"Milk all gone into the toast, sir."

Customer.—"But there's no toast to speak of."

Waiter.—"Toast all gone into the milk, sir."

Customer.—"Ah, ha!—there's an idea in that, by Jove. I'll go straight home and write a pamphlet upon the new theory of mutual absorption."

Waiter.—"Yes sir. Don't forget to mention the Kilkenny Cats, sir!"—*Punchinello.*

"Had 'Em First."

Two years ago, during a great rivalry between two hotels in Massachusetts, both houses running free coaches, one of the proprietors had put every available vehicle on the road, among which was one in a most dilapidated condition, threatening dissolution with every bounce. This coach was driven to the depot, and having secured two passengers, the driver drove in triumph to the hotel, which he approached with a grand flourish of the whip and air of the greatest triumph. Calling upon a waiter to open the coach door to help out the passengers, the coach was found to be empty!

"Where the dickens are they?" said the proprietor, as he looked in with a glance of consternation.

"They dropped through the bottom, up here about a mile," said a little fellow who had just then drove up, and old Wattles, of the Horseshoe, picked 'em up and carried 'em home."

"Did he?" said the rival landlord; "well, by thunder, I knew I had 'em first—there's some consolation in that; the other house has to be content with my leavings."

☞ I love the world the more, because I know it is God's world, even as a dry leaf, given by a lover, is dearer than all pearls from whose loves us not.—*Theodore Parker.*

A LOVING HEART.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice and weak the limb;
But, though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier floweret's dead;
So when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gently, kindly, loving heart.

Ye in world wisdom old—
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had crusted o'er
Feelings good and pure before—
Ere you sold at mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart.

Preservation of the Teeth.

The mouth, says Dr. Dio Lewis in the Watchman and Reflector, has a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, warmer than is ever experienced in the shade in the latitude of New England. It is well known that if beef, for example, be exposed in the shade during the warmest of our summer days, it will very soon begin to decompose. If we eat beef for dinner, the particles invariably find their way into the spaces between the teeth. Now if these particles of beef are not removed, they will frequently remain till they are softened by decomposition. In most mouths this process of decomposition is in constant progress. Ought we to be surprised that the gums and teeth against which these decomposing or putrefying masses lie should become subjects of disease?

How shall our teeth be preserved? The answer is very simple—KEEP THEM CLEAN! How shall they be kept clean? Answer: *by a tooth-pick, rinsing with water, and the daily use of a brush.*

The tooth-pick should be a quill, not because the metallic picks injure the enamel, but because the quill pick is so flexible it fits into all the irregularities between the teeth.

Always after using the tooth-pick the mouth should be thoroughly rinsed. If warm water be not at hand, cold may be used, although the warm is much better. Closing the lips, with a motion familiar to all, everything may be thoroughly rinsed from the mouth.

Every morning (on rising) and every evening (on going to bed) the tooth-brush should be used, and the teeth, both outside and inside, thoroughly brushed.

Much has been said, *pro* and *con*, upon the use of soap with the tooth-brush. My own experience and the experience of members of my family is highly favorable to the regular morning and evening use of soap. Castile or other good soap will answer this purpose. (Whatever is good for the hands and face is good for the teeth.) The slightly unpleasant taste which soap has when we begin to use it will soon be unnoticed.

Conquer Your Troubles.

A great many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those who have the misfortune to be their friends, with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man that is not born into a world of trouble; and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood, who has not been ground, as it were, to powder, by the hardships which he has encountered in life. This is a world in which men are made, not by velvet, but by stone and iron handling! Therefore, do not grumble, but conquer your troubles.

"WE ARE SEVEN."—The first verse of Wordsworth's well known poem, "We are Seven," was written by Coleridge. Wordsworth composed this poem backwards, beginning at the last verse and going upwards. He and Coleridge were staying in a friend's house at the time of its composition. Wordsworth was summoned to tea when he had finished all but the first verse, and Coleridge told him to go into the drawing-room, and he would complete it for him.

AGRICULTURAL.

We Should Raise More Stock in the South.

BY A SOUTHERNER.

One of the great defects of the farming practice of the South is want of attention to stock of all kinds. On many places well adapted to the raising of cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses, the farm work is done by mules, obtained from abroad; the laborers are fed on pork produced in the West, the butter used by the family comes from the grocer, the cattle and sheep are poor, ill fed and neglected, and the hogs few and unthrifty in comparison with what they should be.

Our farmers should understand that the great reliance for the improvement of the soil is upon the stock of the farm. Without stock a sufficient supply of domestic manures cannot be made, and the farm will inevitably decline in fertility until its cultivation ceases to be profitable. Moreover the farmer who tries it will find that it is more profitable to turn his surplus grain and roots into beef, pork, mutton, butter, and a copious supply of valuable home made manure, than to send it off to market at a heavy expense for transportation. These remarks are more especially applicable to our uplands of moderate fertility. On rich alluvial lands and swamps grain is made in sufficient quantities to justify its sale. And in the interior wheat on improved lots is generally a good farming crop. Our farmers generally accept the principle that it is not profitable to raise corn for market on their uplands, but they do not inquire sufficiently into the question whether on such lands grain may not be profitably raised for stock.

In Europe they keep large herds and flocks, by means of their fine meadows and pastures, and by raising large quantities of roots, for winter feeding. By this means, they not only have the finest meat, but milk, butter, cheese, and wool; and raise manure enough, to keep their lands up to the highest point of productiveness. We might adopt their system here, with some modification, with great advantage. There are no better natural pastures in the union, than may be found in the mountain districts of the south, as well as those below tide water, in the eastern parts. As our winters are short, it will require comparatively a small area, to be planted in roots, and clover, and other grasses, to support a large stock.

The manure raised, instead of being applied to grain crops, as in the old countries and in the Northern states, where the system has been adopted to some extent should here be applied to cotton. I know from my own experience, that even under the old system, where the stock are allowed to run in the woods, during summer, and are sparingly fed during winter, with the offal of the grain crops, sufficient manure can be raised per head to make a four hundred pound bale of cotton. If they were provided with good summer pastures, and with plenty of hay, and turnips during the winter, the quantity of manure would be incalculably increased, and its quality much enhanced.

The more root crops, there would be the more stock; the more stock, the more manure; the more manure, the more cotton. Under this system, we might make as much cotton as we do, on one-third of the land, save the money paid for fertilizers, and supply ourselves with an abundance of fat beef and mutton, milk and butter, articles that are extremely rare, even on the tables of our wealthiest farmers—the more shame to them that it is so.

But the only way our farmers can be induced to keep a large stock of cattle, is to convince them that they can make more cotton thereby, and at less cost. No system will be adopted by them, that does not revolve around this pivot.

There is now an awakening among the agriculturists of the South to the necessity of improving the breeds of their domestic animals. Almost any person of proper qualifications who will undertake the business of raising animals of improved breeds, will find it a profitable business. Such animals are being constantly brought southward at great expense and with some risk, on account of change of climate, food, &c. A trader at the South possesses many and obvious advantages, which may be summed up in one sentence. He has the market at his door.

The raising of fine horses is a business which may be profitably followed in some portions.—*American Stock Journal.*

Keeping Milch Cows.

It is an axiom among many of our dairymen that much grain fed to stock will not pay—that is to keep it; fattening it is a different thing, and may pay or may not. Sometimes it does not. But for milch cows there is one thing that will pay. It is the feeding of green, tender hay, cut green or young. From such hay—it may be said grass—butter is made equal to fall and summer butter—though not equalling June butter. The quantity of milk is large in November and December, and again at calving time there is an excellent flow of milk, not quite so rich, perhaps, as grain would make it, but rich and copious; and it was brought without the great expense, the cost not being more than one half.

When summer opens, your cow is still strong, and will continue in that condition on good feed,—that is, good pasture,—and when getting short, fed on *corn-stalks*, provided for her, *which is but a continuation of the green pasture.* And when winter comes your cow will still be sound and strong,—not over fed, not over strained with grain, but what a cow should be—a quiet domestic animal, supporting the dairy, intended for milk, not to be driven too hard by the boys, or yoked as in Europe. Such a cow, a milk-giving mother, needs but sufficient strength for her purpose, and that is not much in her quiet routine. She needs good treatment; that is the great point. She grows under it, but deteriorates with abuse, and that rapidly. Give her warm winter quarters, and plenty of water with her grass hay.—*Country Gentleman.*

WORDSWORTH IN CONVERSATION.—It is curious to observe that, both in Wordsworth's prose writings and in his conversation, his style was essentially the opposite of that which he adopted in his poems, evidently proving that the latter style was the result rather of theory than of his natural turn of mind. His mode of talking sometimes resembled a moral declamation: it was happily described by a remark which one of his little grandsons, a clever child, once made: "Grandpapa," he exclaimed, looking up in amazement, "is reading without a book!"

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 6, 11, are the same, and begin the names of three counties in Ohio.
My 2, 7, 12, are the same, and begin the names of three celebrated characters connected with the building of ancient Rome.
My 3, 8, 13, are the same, and begin the names of three rivers in Scotland.
My 4, 9, 14, are the same, and begin the names of three Southern cities.
My 5, 10, 15, are the same, and begin the names of three cities in Ireland.
My whole is the title of a poem.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Riddle.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1st is in caught, but not in thought.
My 2d is in wrought, but not in fought.
My 3d is in gaunt, but not in flaunt.
My 4th is in grade, but not in maid.
My 5th is in knot, but not in shot.
My 6th is in time, but not in rhyme.
My 7th is in sight, but not in great.
My 8th is in snow, but not in slow.
My 9th is in pretty, but not in pity.
My 10th is in cough, but not in doff.
My 11th is in tool, but not in rule.
My 12th is in night, but not in bright.
My 13th is in frame, but not in blame.
My 14th is in made, but not in paid.
My 15th is in dance, but not in prance.
My 16th is in shade, but not in braid.
My 17th is in freight, but not in weight.
My 18th is in mas, but not in reign.
My 19th is in took, but not in shook.
My 20th is in witty, but not in pretty.
My 21st is in sought, but not in taught.
My 22d is in knight, but not in height.
My whole is a country of South America.

Abbottstown, Pa. T. B. C.

Charade.

What children often say, squeezed in between two prepositions, is what vegetable?

PHILIP.

Land-dividing Problem.

Frederick was the owner of an oblong tract of land, whose four sides (perimeter) amounted to the sum of 600 perches. The diagonal from any of its corners to the opposite corner being 255 perches. He sold the same to his two neighbors, Andrew and Jacob, for $5,400; of which sum Andrew paid $2,732.75, Jacob paying the balance. Then these two purchasers agreed among themselves that Andrew's share of the land should be valued at 80 cents per acre higher than Jacob's part, and each should take out their full purchase money in land. How many acres of said tract did each of said purchasers get? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many such globes as the earth are equal in bulk to the sun, if the earth is 8,000 miles in diameter and the sun 890,000 miles?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hilladale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a promising ball-player like flour and eggs? Ans.—Because he is calculated to make a good batter.

☞ Why are husband and wife not *one*, but *ten*? Ans.—Because the wife is Number One, and the husband goes for nothing.

☞ How was the ark propelled? Ans.—By a-N oah, of course.

☞ What is the most bashful letter? Ans.—Modest T.

☞ Why does the washing come home on a Saturday? Ans.—Because it's the close (clothes) of the week.

☞ What relatives ought to make the best pedestrians? Ans.—Step sons.

☞ When may money be called wet? Ans.—When it is due in the morning and mist at night.

☞ When may a smith be said to commit a felony? Ans.—When he forges.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—
"Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly."
RIDDLE.—Nemesis.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of July 23d.—7 lbs. Ego Geo, Joseph S. Phebus.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of July 30th.—The sides are 84 and 112 rods in length, and the diagonals 140. E. P. Norton, Joseph S. Phebus.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of August 27th.—64 feet. Ego Geo, Joseph S. Phebus.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Aug. 20th.—Ten thousand, preferable by one hundred dollars. J. D. Williams.

Answers to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 8th.—14.142135 inches. Artemas Martin. 12 1654 inches. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to Ernst Kuehl's PROBLEM of Oct. 9th.—M-a-l-a-c. Ernst Kuehl, J. S. Phebus.

Answer to J. D. W.'s PROBLEM of Oct. 23d.—5, 7 and 9. J. D. W., Mary McDade.

RECEIPTS.

PICKLES.—There is a prejudice against pickles, perhaps it is because boarding-school girls of a sickly hue, are said to dispose of marvellous quantities of them.—Whatever the prejudice, it is not well founded. It is a blessed discovery that salt and vinegar will carry over something of the greenness of summer into the barren winter. Almost any vegetable preserved in good cider vinegar, (not dilute sulphuric acid,) is a healthful condiment, and aids digestion. There is nothing better than the cucumber. Pick them while small, and preserve in strong brine. Cabbage makes a good pickle, but we can keep this fresh through the winter, and use raw, which is better. Peppers, the thick-skinned squash variety, are almost indispensable in the pickle jar. We would suggest onions, were not the prejudice against and the love for this Egyptian esculent universal. Then come mangoes, prepared from green flushed melons, well stuffed with cabbage, horse-radish, nasturtiums, &c.

TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice 1 peck green tomatoes; take 1 gallon vinegar, 6 tablespoonsful whole cloves, 1 of allspice, 2 of salt, 1 of mace, 1 of cayenne pepper; boil the vinegar and spices 10 minutes; put in the tomatoes and boil all together ½ hour longer; when cold put in jars. There is no nicer pickle.